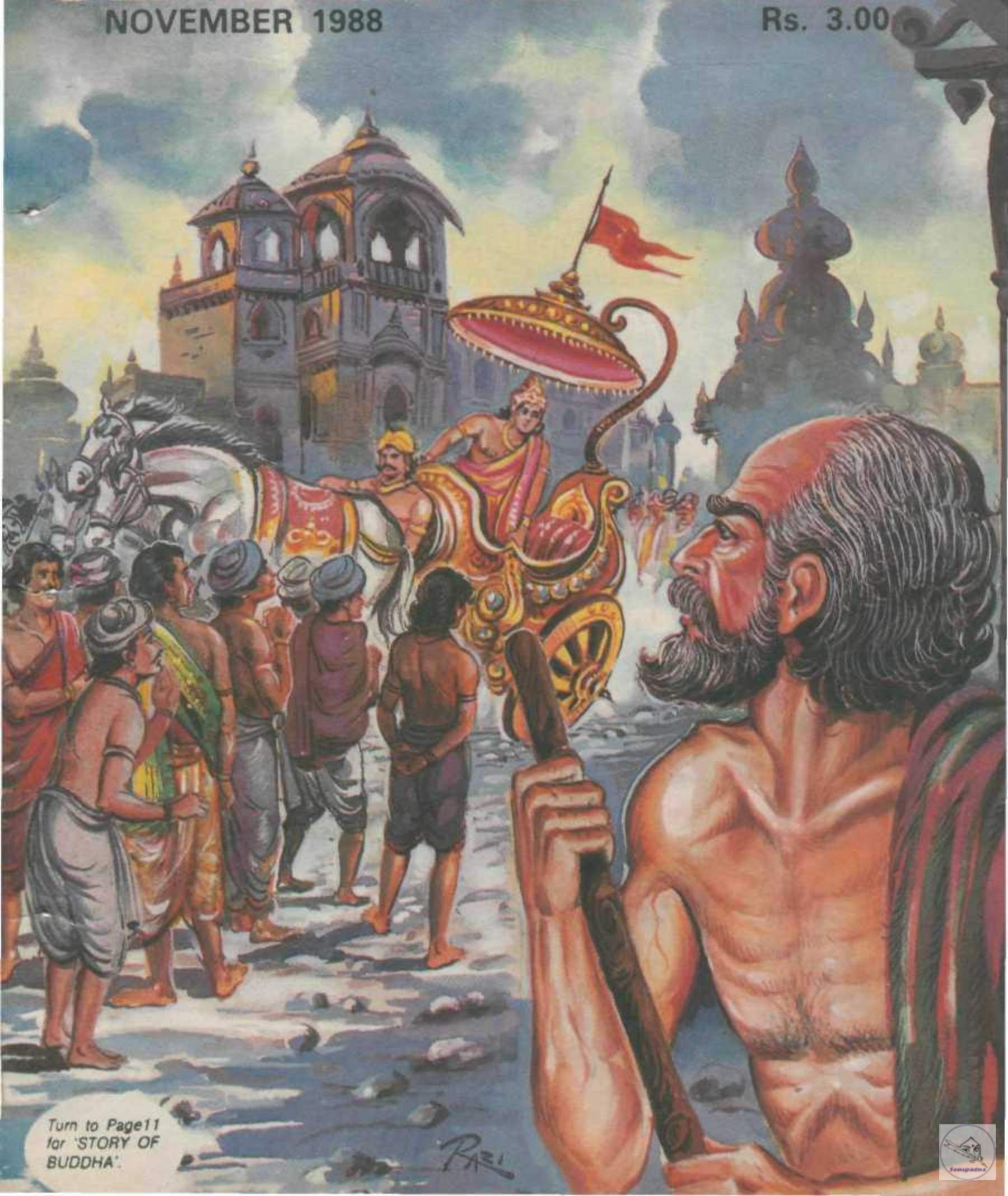


CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1988

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Turn to Page 11
for 'STORY OF
BUDDHA'.

RAZI



RAM & SHYAM

in Encounters With An Alien

PARLE

AS RAM & SHYAM TAKE A WALK ON A DESERTED BEACH, THE SKY SUDDENLY LIGHTS UP.



THEY SEE A HUGE BALL LANDING FAST ON THE BEACH.



WOW! THAT LOOKS LIKE A SPACESHIP!



AS THEY APPROACH IT, THE SPACESHIP TAKES OFF AT JET SPEED AND IMMEDIATELY THEY HEAR A STRANGE SOUND BEHIND THE BUSHES.



WHAT THEY SEE ASTOUNDS THEM.



HE LOOKS LIKE AN ALIEN!

AND HE'S FRIGHTENED.



LET'S KEEP HIM AS OUR PET.



WE'LL CALL HIM OP. LET'S GIVE HIM SOME POPPINS.



UNCURE IF THE ALIEN WOULD HARM THEM, THEY KEEP THE POPPINS SWEETS ON THE GROUND AND WATCH HIS REACTION.



OP SLOWLY COMES CLOSER TO THE POPPINS SWEETS, PICKS ONE AND EATS IT. LOVES IT. ONE BY ONE HE FINISHES THEM ALL.



TO RAM & SHYAM'S SURPRISE, THIS INTELLIGENT ALIEN ACTUALLY COMES FORWARD AND SHAKES HANDS WITH THEM.



OP WE'RE SO GLAD WE CAN BE FRIENDS!



Lickable Ukeable Lovable

PARLE POPPINS



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PARRY'S



Hello Kids

Guess what I have here?
A wonderland of fun and games!
And who do I have to help me?
Coffy Bite and Chocolate Eclairs. So go
ahead. There's pots of fun waiting
here for you and your friends!



The King of Sweets

Meet Coffy Bite — he's
going to show you how to
make and play a lovely
new game!



MY GAME IS CALLED
MARBLE BOWLS
AND THIS IS HOW IT GOES...!

YOU NEED: A SMALL CARDBOARD BOX
(a big shoe box will do); SOME MARBLES

Here is a different way of using
marbles. Make a scoring box.
Cut some arches on one side of
the cardboard box. It
should also be open
from the bottom.
Above the arches
write a score
number. Now stand

back and roll the marbles through the
arches. Play it with as many
friends as you like. Keep counting
your score. Whoever reaches 100 first is the winner!



DID YOU KNOW?

You might not think that
snails are very fierce. But
a snail can have as many
as twenty-five thousand
teeth! Imagine being bitten
by one!



PARRYS — SWEETS AND BISCUITS



PAGE

I am going to show you how to make ...

YOU NEED:

OLD PLASTIC TINS
OR EMPTY ICE-
CREAM CUPS,
WHITE PAPER;
CARD; WOOL;
PAINTS; FELT PENS;
SCISSORS

... PLASTIC PEOPLE.

Paint the white paper light pink and let it dry. Stick it on the cups, taking it all around. Stick wool for hair and moustaches (you can use different colours) or even use cotton wool. Cut out the card in the shape of a hat and shoes and stick them on. Then with felt

pens, put in the rest of the face. You can stick things like buttons or seeds from watermelon for the eyes or just draw them in. Now give your plastic people names. You can gift a special friend or your favourite aunt one of your people. That would make them happy!



NUMBER JUMBLE!

Change the position of one of the men so that the number on his shirt is twice the number of one of the others and only half the number of the other.

ANSWER:
Turn No.9 man
upside down!



HTA 7071

EVERYONE LOVES.

THE KING OF SWEETS



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- * *BITTER TRUTHS OF LIFE* : Prince Siddhartha refuses to remain confined to his ivory tower. He sees and wonders about the problems of life.
- * *THE TWO THIRSTY TRAVELLERS* : A legend about two great sages.
- * *SAGA OF NEHRU* : Through pictures.

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- * *THE FACE IN THE MORNING* : A hilarious story about the inimitable jester, Gopal Bhand, through pictures.
- * *ALL RIGHT OR ALRIGHT?* The series on better English discusses this and other issues.
- * A bunch of refreshing stories and all the other features.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

किं कुलेन विशालेन विद्याहीनस्य देहिनः ।

अकुलीनोऽपि विद्यावान् देवैरपि स पूज्यते ॥

Kim Kulena visalena vidyaheenasya dehinah

Akuleenopi vidyavan deveirapi sa pujiyate.

One may hail from a great family, but if he is bereft of education, he is not respected. On the other hand one truly educated is respected by gods even if he comes of a low family.

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Controlling Editor :
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Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

JOYS OF KNOWLEDGE

We are happy to announce that beginning with this issue an exclusive supplement, devoted to General Knowledge, will be available to you. You will observe that it covers many subjects. If you preserve the supplement, they will become an invaluable companion of yours. They will bring you and your friends joy and knowledge whenever you open them.

* * *

The country is celebrating the birth centenary of Jawaharlal Nehru. We are happy to bring with this issue a pictorial series on his eventful life. The facts presented are authentic, for they are mostly based on his own memoirs. They will tell you many important things not only about a great man, but also about the recent past of India.

Thoughts to be Treasured

They might kill me but they cannot kill Gandhism. If truth can be killed, Gandhism can be killed.

—Mahatma Gandhi

Mother Hen wonders how
something sweet can go to
school for every good student's lunch

Just fold in to find out



A▶

Fold to make "A" meet "B"

◀B

Introducing
something new
that has a plus!



New
100 g
Pack



New!
**Glucose
Plus** BISCUITS

More Taste. More Energy.



NEWS FLASH



WHAT A BLISSFUL SLEEP!

Miners digging for possible gold into a frozen ground in Siberia found an animal, "Lhymobiidae" which had slept for 90 years. The animal's liver is one-third of its total weight. It secretes glycerine which acts like anti-freeze. The normal life-span of this animal is only ten years. But a near-century of frozen sleep has given it a much longer life. It woke up when left in water at normal temperature.

TOLSTOY'S VOICE

The long-lost recordings of Leo Tolstoy's voice made in 1908 by U.S. inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, who invented the phonograph, have been found.

The records, which were returned to the Soviet Union recently, were unearthed at the house of Walter Miller, manager of the studio where the recordings were done. For many years it was thought that the records had been destroyed in a fire in the Edison Centre in the USA in 1914.



OF ELEPHANT AND MAN

A travel writer from England, Mark Shand, is on an extraordinary journey on elephant back from the Sun Temple at Konarak in Orissa to Sonapur in Bihar—a distance of about 1000 km. His intentions—to explore the bond between elephant and man; his plans—to draw on the tales of the mahouts to paint a picture of the past. Shand is keen to discover how mahouts control their animals and to learn how to ride an elephant.

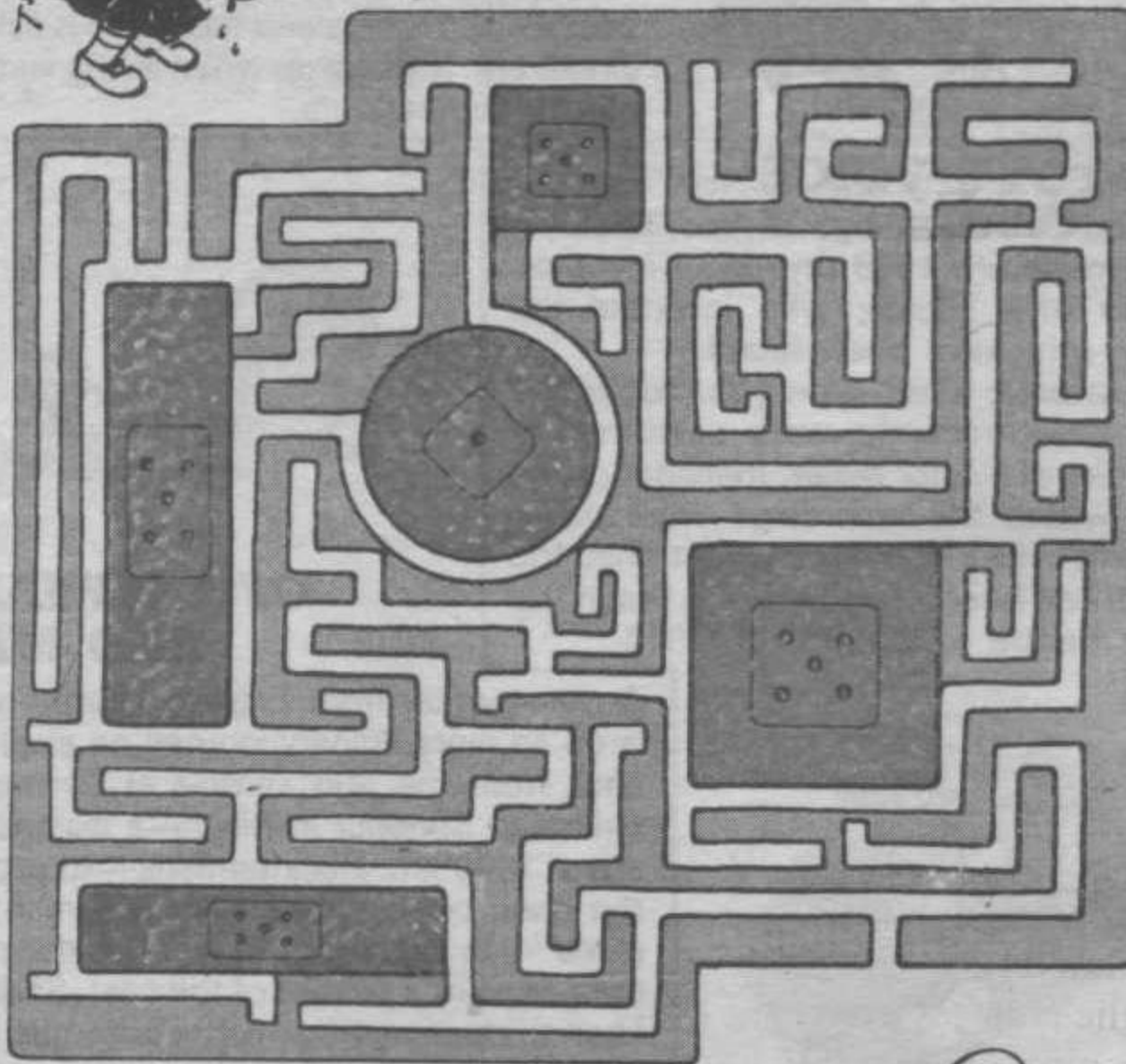
IS THE SHROUD STILL SHROUDED IN MYSTERY?

In a church in Turin, Italy, there is a shroud which was believed to have been used on the body of Jesus after his crucifixion. It showed the blood marks. But recent laboratory tests in three major universities show that the shroud is not that old. The linen is of the 14th century. Whose blood marks it bears? We do not know.





The lost girl's crying
'cause she doesn't know the way.
Help Handyboy get her
out of this maze today.



That will also get you
one rupee off on a
pack of 25 strips.
So rush to the
nearest Handyplast dealer
And hand over
your winning entry!



Cut along the dotted line

HTA 2045





STORY OF

BUDDHA

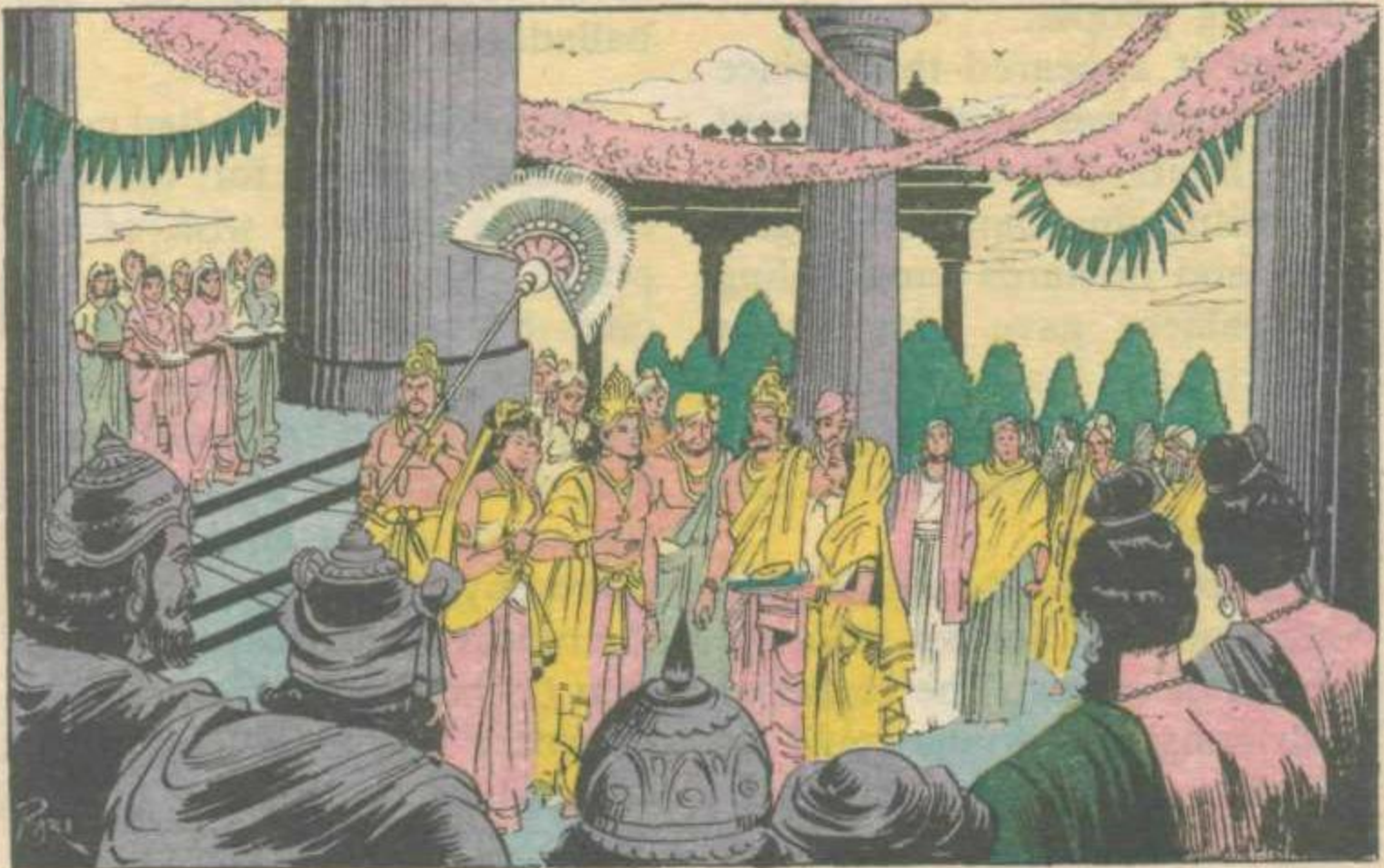
—By Menoj Das

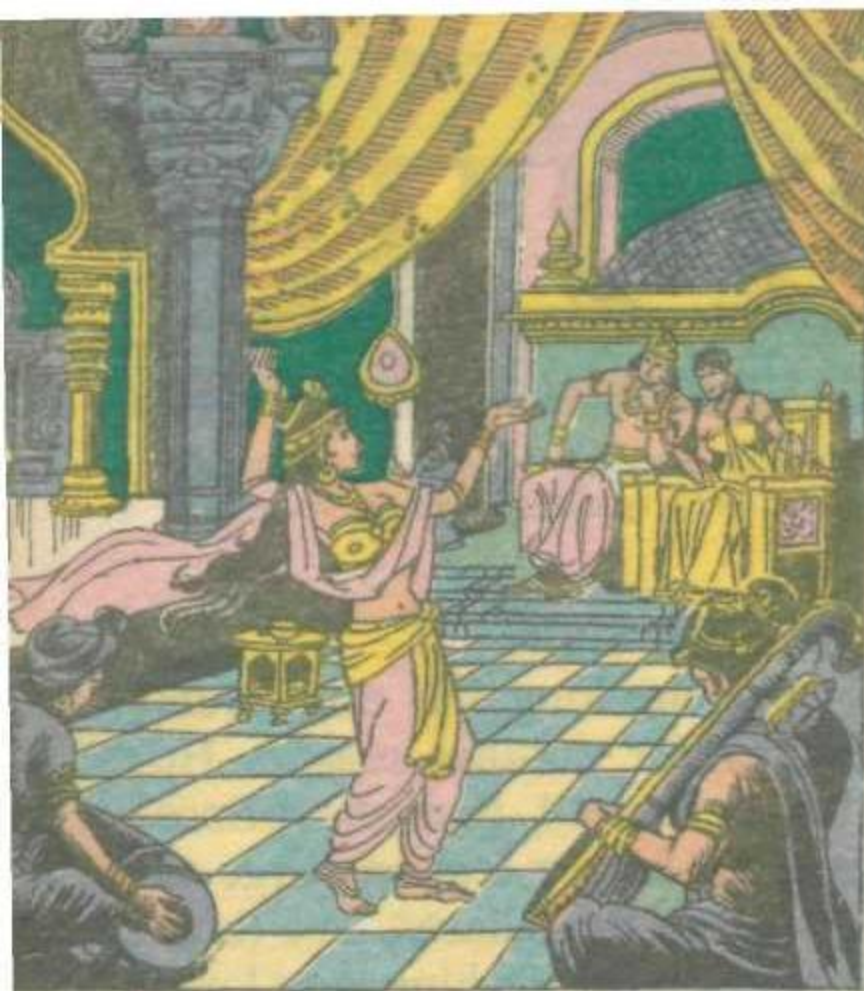
(Prince Siddhartha who had never received any formal training in battle-craft, surprisingly excelled every other prince in the Swayamvara arranged for Princess Yasodhara. He brought his charming bride to Kapilavastu.)

A SHOCK TO THE PRINCE'S SIGHT

King Suddhodhana rejoiced at the laurels his son earned at the Swayamvara of Princess Yasodhara, culminating in his winning the hand of the princess. The wedding, naturally, was celebrated on a grand scale. The sweet princess brought happiness to all.

But the king was even more happy for another reason. He felt reassured that the prince will no longer feel any urge to go out of the palaces. The three palaces built for him were lovely; now they had grown lovelier not only because of the princess but also because of the maids





who came in her company. They were gifted singers and dancers and well-versed in the art of pleasing people.

And it appeared that Prince Siddhartha was happy. He spent long hours listening to music and witnessing dances. The gardens and orchards surrounding his palaces gave him ample opportunity for enjoying leisurely walks or playing hide-and-seek with Princess Yasodhara.

The people of the Himalayan kingdom went festive with the advent of spring. The sound of their song and drums could be heard coming from distance

The trees in the valleys and on the hills turned colourful and birds grew restive. Sometimes the prince too would feel restive and gaze at the trees in the valleys. "Can't I visit the hamlets and listen to the music our subjects were making?" he would ask his father.

"Why should you, my son? Can't we summon the singers and the drummers to one of our theatres?" would be the king's reply. And within hours some troupe or the other would be there to entertain the prince. In fact, some of the ministers of the king were always looking for new entertainers—singers, dancers, jugglers, conjurers and balladeers.

That aside, the king had made all arrangements for fulfilling even the slightest wish of the prince. Yes, all his wishes but one—his wish to go out into the wide world outside the palace complex. Often he would spend long time gazing at the sky or concentrating on the stream that flowed by one of his castles, but the report of this absentmindedness of Siddhartha would begin to worry the king. He would demand of the matron of the

prince's household, "Why don't you divert his attention to some exciting dance or music? I don't like him to become thoughtful or pensive!" The king's anxiety was temporarily over when a happy event greeted him: Princess Yasodhara gave birth to a boy. All were delighted and all kept busy for several days in the rituals and ceremonies that went with the birth of a prince. The child was named Rahul.

The festivities had just come to an end when, one afternoon, someone ran to the king and reported that Prince Siddhartha was getting ready to go out into the city.

The king looked at the messenger with disbelief. What surprised him was not the prince's desire to go out, but his decision to do so without consulting him!

The king soon appeared in the prince's apartment. "My son, what made you resolve to go out all on a sudden?" he asked.

"Father, it is nothing sudden. I have been planning an outing for long. I feel like a prisoner in my palace. Why should I not see the wide world and meet our subjects?" said the prince with



determination.

"We can summon any number of subjects you desire to meet!" said the king in a rather weak voice.

"That you can. But, father, should I not see our land? So many times you have announced that I am to succeed you to the throne. I do not know what Providence has in store for the people of Kapilavastu. But if I am their future king, is it not my duty to see them as they are in their homes and fields?" asked the prince.

"But it is not always comfortable to wander in the countryside..." fumbled the king.



"Father, you have seen that I can be strong when the situation would demand me to be so!" calmly observed the prince.

The king realised that indeed it would be futile to argue with the prince. After all, the prince was quite justified in his stand. He was already twentynine and a father too. It was nothing but absurd to restrict his movements. If the king had succeeded in doing so till today, it was because Siddhartha was an extraordinarily obedient son.

The king sent hurried instructions to the sentinels of the city to see that the main road was immediately cleared of all old

and sick people. Officials with the instruction fanned out into even the lanes and bylanes connected with the main road. That made the curious citizens come out to the streets—and they were very happy when they learnt that it was Prince Siddhartha who was to drive along the road.

Soon the prince's chariot was seen. Although the people used to see only little of their prince, they had always felt much drawn towards him. Now they broke into shouts of joy. The prince acknowledged their love with smiles and greetings.

Suddenly an old man stepped out of the throng. Perhaps he wanted to see the prince from close quarters, for his eyes had become very dim. Even with the help of a staff he could hardly be steady. He stood bent, shaking, desperately trying to have a view of the prince.

"Channa, will you please slow down?" the prince gave a pat on his charioteer's back.

If anything, Channa, the charioteer, would have liked to drive away very fast just then—so that the prince did not notice the old man. But the inevitable

had happened. He had to pull the reins of the four lovely white horses, allowing the prince a closer look at the old man and vice versa.

The old man, no doubt, was extremely pleased. He strained his eyes and then displayed a broad, toothless smile.

That was the first ever time Prince Siddhartha saw a man of that great age.

"Channa, what kind of a man is this?" asked the prince.

"Just like any other human being, O my master!" replied Channa.

"What then has happened to him?"

"Nothing, except that he has aged!"

"I don't see his teeth!"

"They have been knocked off by time—something that hap-

pens to most of the human beings when they are old."

"What has happened to his skin?"

"They are wrinkled with age!"

"Why is he unsteady?"

"Because of age."

Prince Siddhartha remained silent for a moment and then asked, "Does old age befall all men?"

"Yes, my master, all who continue to live long enough."

It is difficult to say how much of Channa's last answer the prince heard. It appeared that his thoughts were somewhere else.

"Channa," said the prince after a moment. "Let us go back!"

—To continue





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE STRANGE BOY OF KOLLUR

Sankaracharya, the illustrious sage, was coming to spend a night in the village Kollur, in Karnataka. Among those who waited for his arrival most eagerly was a poor couple.

The sage arrived on time. His host presented the couple before him and said, "This man and wife have a serious problem. They have a lovely little son. The child was beginning to speak when, nobody knows what happened to him, but he stopped talking. No disease befell him, yet he grew dumb. Will you be pleased to bless him so that he can talk?"

The sage wanted to see the boy. The couple happily brought the child to his presence. The sage looked into the child's eyes and smiled. The boy smiled back.

"I hope I will be able to make him talk. But will the parents let him follow me thereafter?" asked the sage.

"Gladly, O noble soul," said the couple.

The sage kept his hand on the boy's head and asked, "Who are you?"

"The one who asks the question and the one who is answering are the same," uttered the boy distinctly.

All were surprised. "Take him home. He remains yours tonight. Tomorrow he will follow me," said the sage. The couple departed with the boy.

"This is a miracle!" exclaimed the host.

"No miracle. I just learnt looking at the boy what his parents did not know. One day the boy's mother went to the

river for washing clothes. On the river-bank sat a man whom the woman mistook for a common mendicant but who was really a yogi. The mother asked the yogi to look after the boy. The yogi nodded his consent. But as the mother kept busy washing the clothes, the yogi went into a meditative mood and forgot all about the boy. The little boy crawled towards the water and slipped into it and was drowned.

"The woman was still engrossed in beating her clothes on a stone slab when the yogi came to his senses. He remembered the responsibility which the woman had laid on him and looked for the boy. Soon he saw him under the transparent water—lying dead! The yogi thought for a moment and de-

cided upon his course of action. He descended into the river and sat in trance and left his body which the stream carried away. His spirit entered the child's body.

"The woman finished her work and found her 'son' waiting for her on the embankment. She never bothered about the mendicant. She returned home with her son—who was not really her son but the yogi. The 'boy' stopped talking because he knew that his manner of speech will be totally different from what is expected of an illiterate boy. His speech will create a greater stir than his dumbness."

Next day the 'boy' smilingly followed Sankaracharya. The great sage named him Hastamalaka.



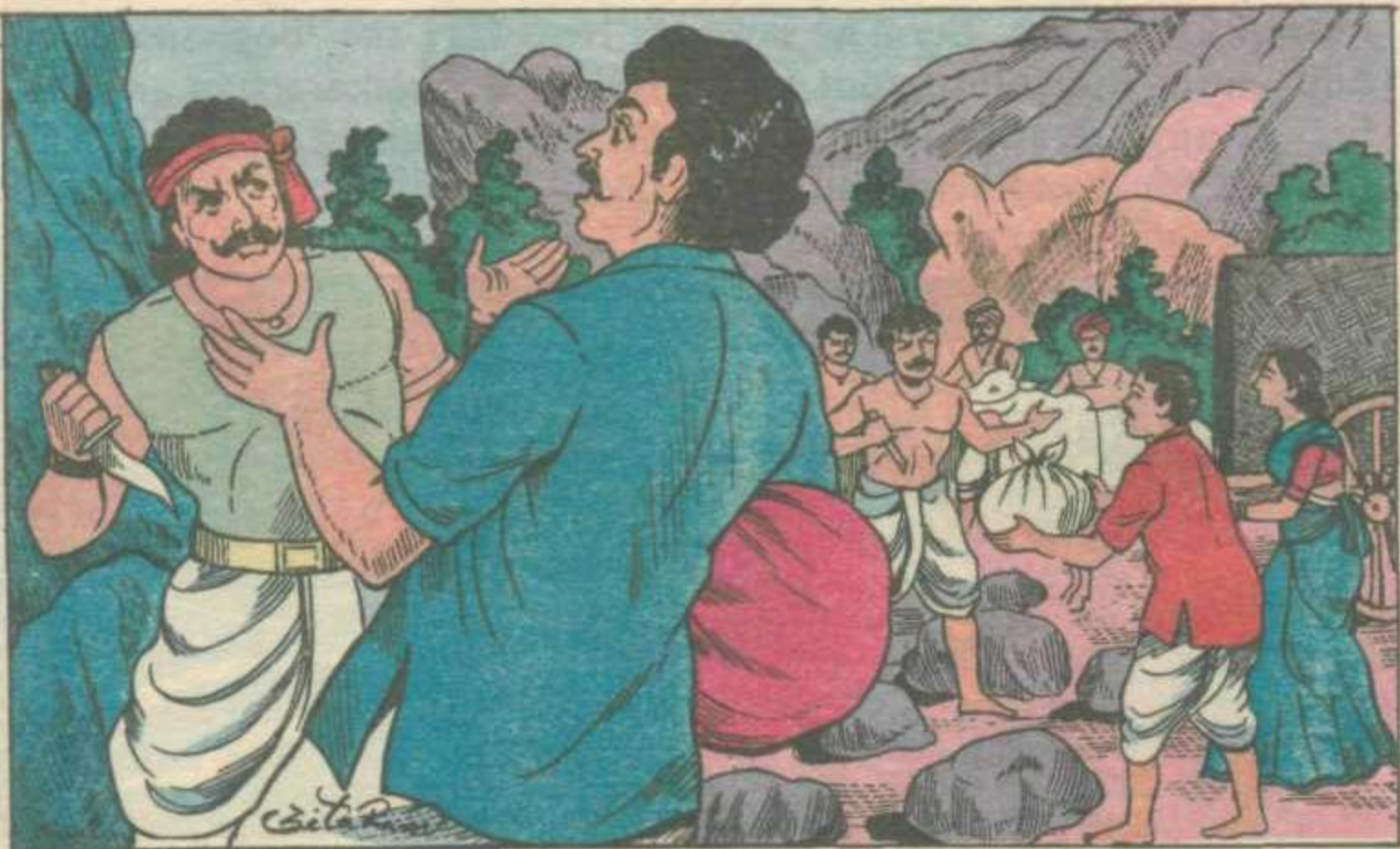
THE ROPE

In a certain forest lived a bandit. He plundered the travellers mercilessly and often wounded or killed those who put forth resistance against him. The travellers were helpless because the bandit and his few lieutenants knew the forest very well. They could hide when they pleased and could attack the travellers from their safe hiding. They could roll rocks down from hill-tops and block the road before any rider.

After causing terror in the region for many years, at last

the bandit died. He found himself in hell, a place he liked least. Terrors far greater than he could ever have imagined awaited him there in the form of hideous monsters. He was pursued by them wherever he went. He cried in great panic and looked for some light in the gloomy darkness of the hell.

At last he saw a ray of light and ran there. "Save me, save me," he shouted. A godly being who stood in the light said, "Hundreds of people had raised the same cry when you pursued



them and attacked them brutally. You never responded to them. Who will now respond to your cry?"

"Who are you?" asked the bandit.

"I am the guardian of this particular hell," answered the luminous being.

"That means you are either a god or an angel. Kindly help me to get out of this hell. I promise to be good and kind to all hereafter," said the bandit.

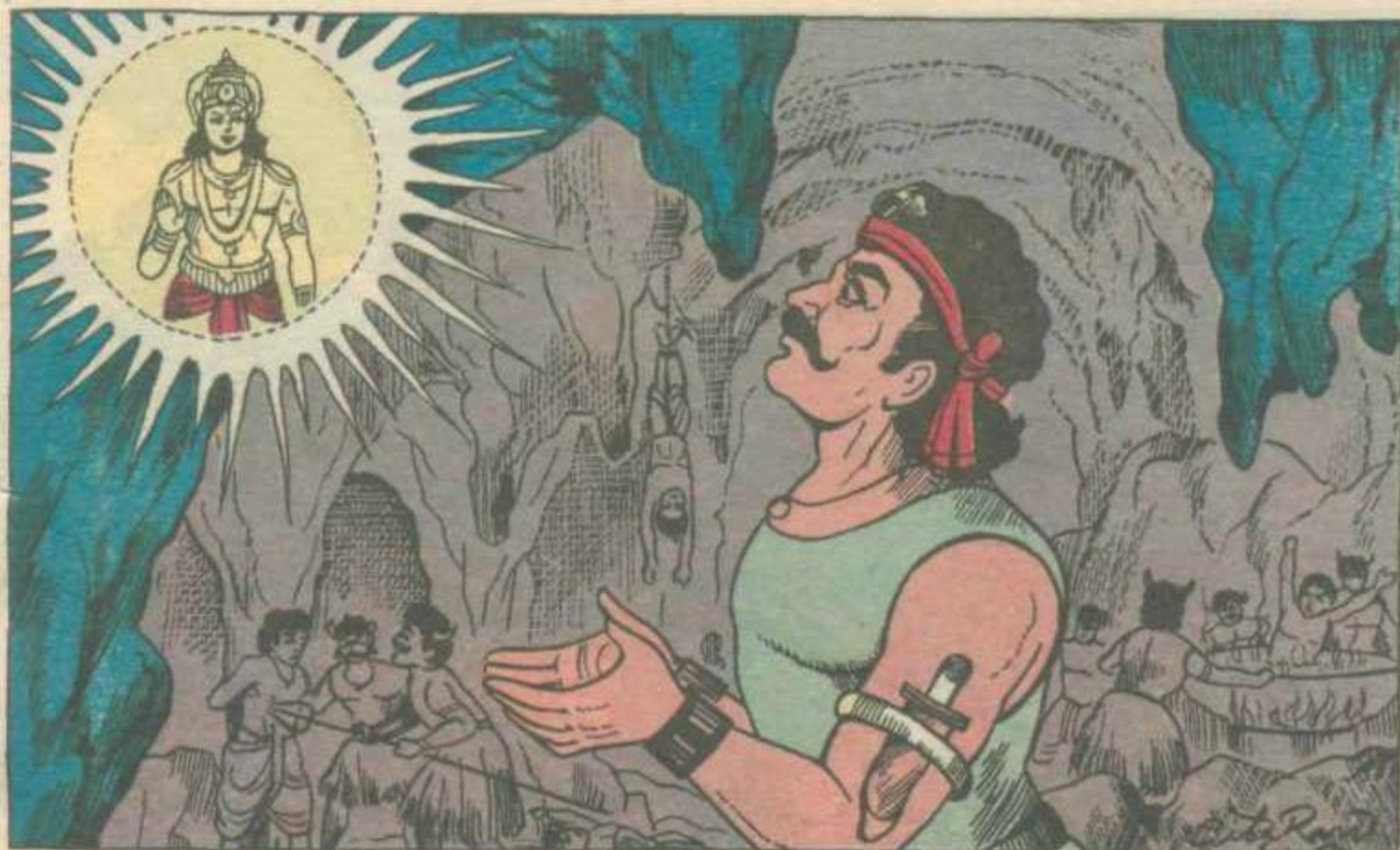
The godly guardian of the hell kept quiet for a moment. Then he said, "I can help you only if you had done at least one good deed in your life. Can you think

of any such thing?"

The bandit thought and thought and then exclaimed, "Yes, yes, I had once saved a man from a dry well near my forest."

"That is fine. How were you so kind to him?" asked the godly guardian.

"To be frank, when I heard his cry I thought that he might be a traveller with some money on him who had fallen accidentally into the well. I rescued him in order to strip him of his wealth. But bringing him out by throwing a rope towards him, I found that he was only a beggar," answered the bandit.



"In other words, although your action was good, your motive was not good. Even then this will give you a chance to escape hell," observed the godly guardian.

Next moment a rope came down. "This is the rope you had thrown at the beggar. Catch hold of it and go out, by climbing it hand after hand," advised the godly guardian.

The bandit shook the rope and gave a pull to it. It appeared quite strong. He began climbing it and he rose quite fast, an expert climber that he was.

He was approaching the light above. He looked down in order

to find out how high he had come. Then he saw several other fellows condemned to hell are clinging to the rope and are climbing it, following him.

The bandit wondered if the rope would stand so much weight. "Get off, get off, you careless chaps! How dare you take advantage of my property? Leave it or I will kick you off it!" shouted the bandit.

At once the rope snapped. The bandit was dazed for a moment. He found himself wallowing in the ghastly slime of hell, pursued by those terrible monsters. The light had disappeared.



SOME EMERGENCIES YOU MAY
COME ACROSS

by Dr. R. Jagannath

Uncle Ram was waiting for Kumud and Vinod to come back from their play. When the children arrived, they quickly washed up and joined him, eager to learn something more about first aid.

They had hardly taken their seats when Kumud asked, "Uncle, you have not yet told us how to give first aid to someone rescued from drowning."

Uncle Ram smiled at Kumud. "I think you already know what to do when you come across such a case. You simply have to follow the steps I have taught

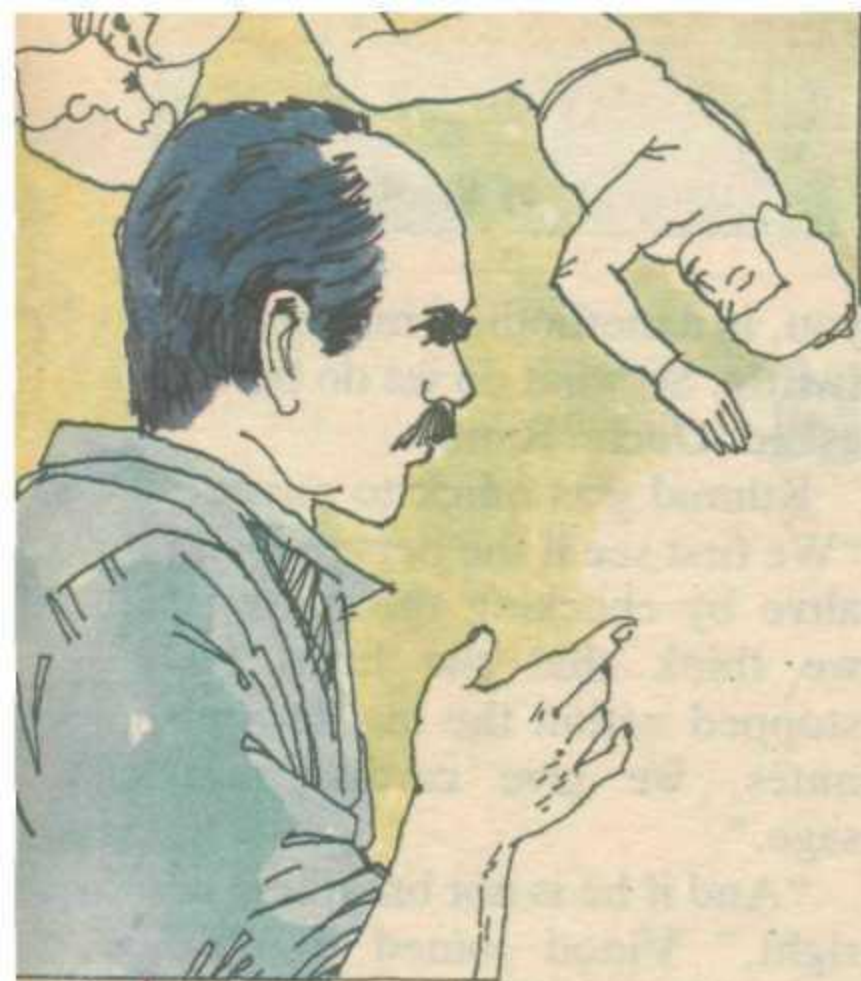
you, in a methodical manner but swiftly. So what do we do first?" asked Uncle Ram.

Kumud was quick to answer, "We first see if the person is still alive by checking the pulse; if we think that the heart has stopped within the last few minutes, we give cardiac massage."

"And if he is not breathing all right," Vinod joined in, "we give him artificial respiration after tilting his head back and clearing the airway."

"That is splendid," said Uncle Ram, patting the children on





the back. "The artificial respiration should be continued till the victim reaches the hospital, and as long as there is a pulse. Sometimes the victims of drowning recover even after hours of artificial respiration. When possible, like in shallow water, artificial respiration or at least a few puffs of breath may be given even while the victim is being carried out of water. And once the victim starts breathing, put him in the recovery position and keep a watch on his breathing. I hope you remember the recovery position."

"Of course we do, Uncle," said Vinod and he also went on

to prove that he knew it by putting himself in the recovery position.

Uncle Ram then asked the children, "Is there anything else you would like to ask me about?"

"What about electric shock, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"Yes, that is something you should know about," said Uncle Ram. "When someone touches an object through which current is flowing, he is liable to get an electric shock, if at the same time some other part of his body touches the earth or the wall. This is possible when the insulation covering the electric wire gets frayed and the wire is exposed or in a defective appliance where the loose end of a wire touches a metallic part of the appliance. Since a wet body is a better conductor of electricity, one is more likely to get a shock when he is wet.

"When you come across someone who has had an electric shock, your first aim is to stop the flow of current through that person. If this can be quickly achieved by pulling out a plug from its socket or by switching off the current at the main switch, do it at once. If for some

reason this cannot be done quickly, **DO NOT** try to push the victim away from the live wire or the wire away from the victim without proper precautions. Wear some footwear made of rubber or stand on some non-conducting material such as a thick rug or a pile of clothes or newspapers and use a dry, non-metallic object such as a walking stick, a pole or rope to push the person away from the wire or the wire away from him. *Do not* use an umbrella with a metal spike. If the current is of very high tension, and especially if the surrounding area is wet, keep a safe distance from the victim, since high tension current can jump over some distance if the atmosphere is wet."

Uncle Ram smiled reassuringly at the children who were listening with bated breath.

"What are the dangers of

electric shock, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

"In severe cases of electric shock, the heart or the breathing may stop and the person may sustain electric burns. So after making sure that the victim is no longer in contact with the current, check whether there is a pulse and whether he is breathing. You know what to do if there is no pulse or respiration. Anyone who has sustained a severe electric shock should be sent to the hospital as soon as possible."

Uncle Ram hugged the children and sat back on the sofa.

Kumud said, "We see that trying to help someone in distress is no laughing matter."

"Of course it isn't," said Uncle Ram. "But when one has learnt how to do it properly, one gets a great satisfaction out of helping those in distress."

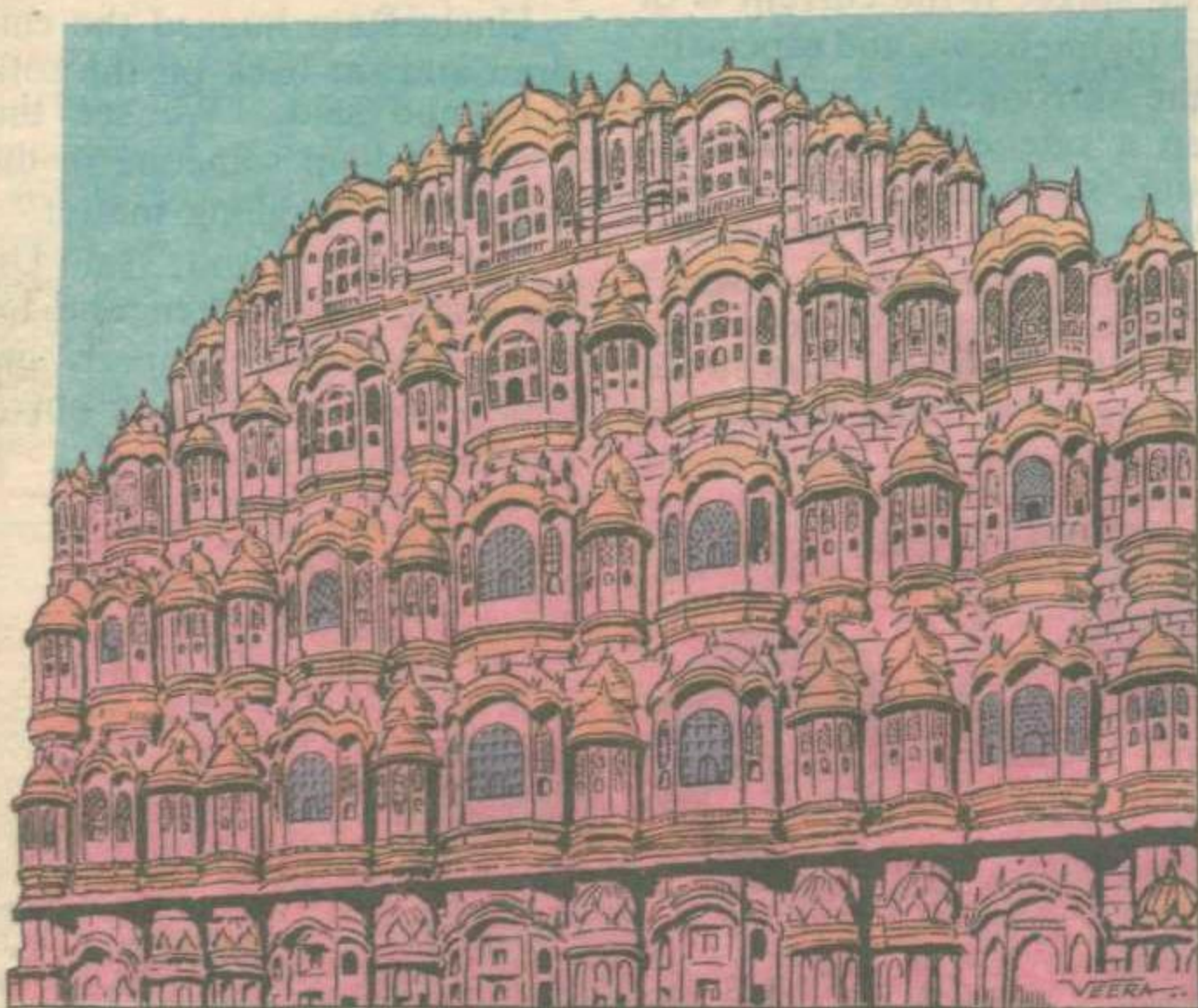


MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE HAWA MAHAL OF JAIPUR

Jaipur in Rajasthan, a city founded by Maharaja Sawai Jaisingh (1699-1743), is known as the Pink City. It is because in 1875, the Maharaja of Jaipur ordered all the buildings in the main bazar to be coloured pink.

Among many attractive monuments in the city is Hawa Mahal or the Palace of Breeze. This was built by Maharaja Sawai Pratap Singh in 1799. The palace deceptively looks a very light structure, because of numerous windows with perforated screens. Through these screens the women of the palace witnessed the festive processions passing through the road and enjoyed breeze to their hearts' content.



THE PURPLE HORSE

That was a time when the horse was the most powerful and popular vehicle to transport man. Madhav and Leela stood in the park looking at the king's highway. A dozen horses were passing by, a soldier riding each of them.

"Here comes a brown horse..." said Leela.

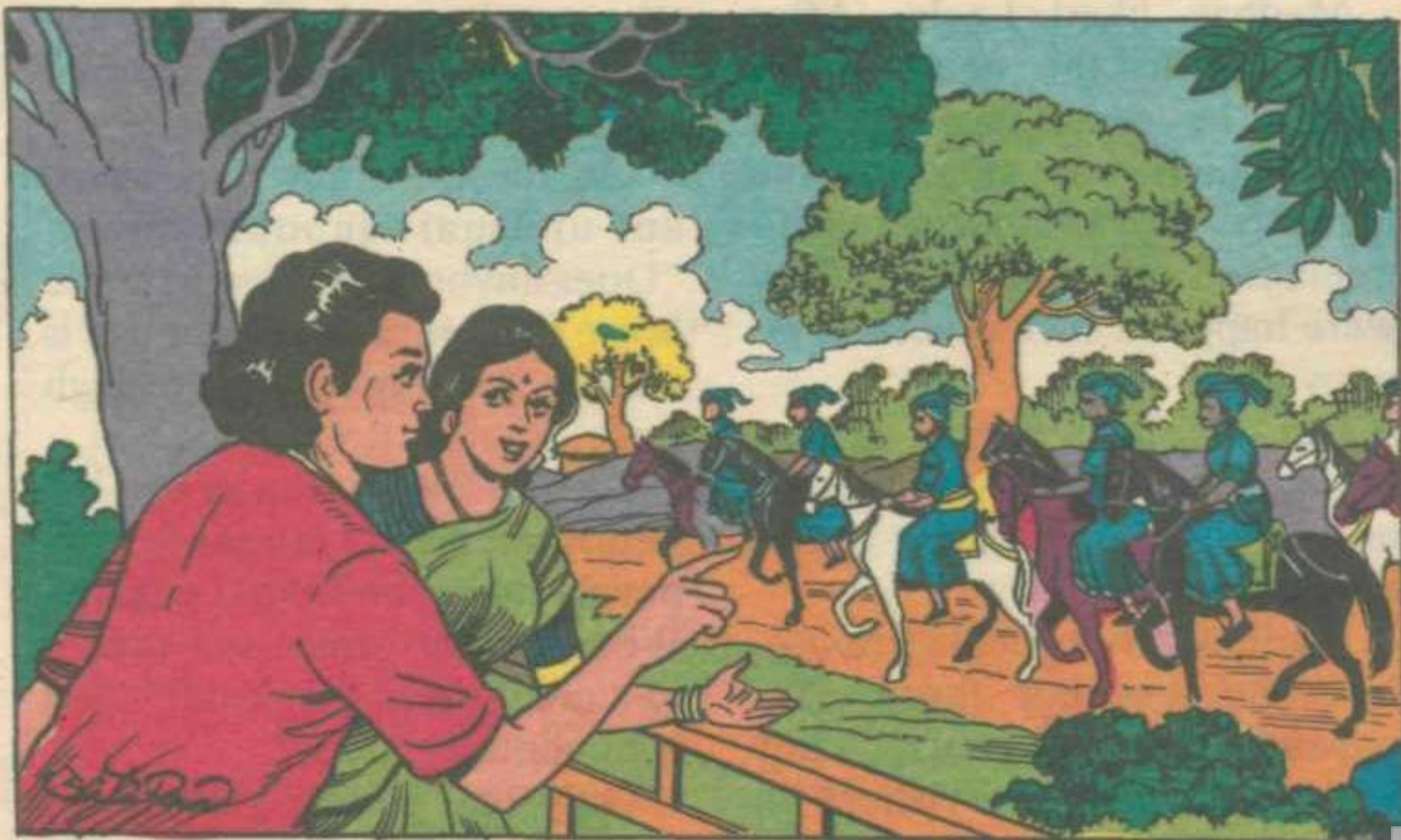
"And that is a white one," said Madhav.

"This one is rather darkish..." said Leela and she added, "I

wonder if there is a purple horse anywhere in the world!"

Madhav laughed. But before he had said anything, he heard the voice of his father who was calling him from the other side of the park.

Madhav and his father belonged to the kingdom of Mallipatna. They were returning from a pilgrimage through the kingdom of Jayantipur. Madhav's father was a friend of Leela's father. That is why the





two travellers were spending a few days in the house of Leela's parents.

Madhav liked Leela. After attending to the need of his father, he came back to that park which was close to the highway. He wanted to talk to Leela for some more time. They were happy in each other's company.

But Leela was no longer there. Madhav looked for her here and there. She was not to be found.

Madhav ran to Leela's house. No, she was not there. Her parents grew anxious. They looked for her everywhere in

the village. The other villagers too looked for her, but in vain.

"I hope she is not the girl whom the prince carried away!" murmured an old man who could hear or see little. He said that soon after the soldiers rode away, he heard a cry. He saw a young woman struggling to jump from a chariot, but held by the prince.

Now, the prince of Jayantipur was notorious as a tyrant. Leela was beautiful and there was nothing surprising in his carrying her away if he saw her.

"How to be sure that the prince had carried Leela away?" asked Madhav.

"What can be done even if you are sure of it? Who can challenge the prince?" answered Leela's pensive father.

On the third day they heard an unusual announcement: "Does anybody possess a purple horse? If one does, the prince is willing to buy it for a high price."

Those who heard the announcement laughed. "A purple horse, eh? What a fancy! Who but our prince can dream of a creature of that kind!" they commented.

Only one person grew grave

to hear it. He was Madhav. Soon he consulted his father in confidence. They bought a handsome white horse. Madhav led the horse into the courtyard of his host's house. In the evening he emerged from the house riding a purple horse—and himself disguised as an old man.

He reached the castle of the prince which was situated on the top of a hill.

"A purple horse! A purple horse!" exclaimed the happy prince. "The girl to be my bride promised that she will marry me only if I can give her a purple horse. Here is the rare thing!" exclaimed the prince while handing over to Madhav a purse bursting with gold coins and planting a smack on his cheek. "Bring Leela out," the prince passed order to an attendant.

Leela came out, looking pleased. Madhav looked at her eyes and understood what an agonising time she has gone through.

"Where did you find this?" she asked Madhav, while examining the horse. "In my village in Mallipatna," replied Madhav. Then, in a whisper he said, "Gallop to the park and ride through the lake and wait."



"My lord, the horse is purple all right. But of what use this special colour unless the horse can run like any other horse?" said Leela.

"Should I ride and see?" asked the eager prince.

"My lord, you are such an excellent rider that even a pig will run like a horse if you ride it. I must ride it myself!" said Leela.

Leela's observation had highly pleased the prince. He consented to the proposal. Leela hopped onto the horse and rode away.

"I hope the unusual horse will behave well!" the prince said,



looking at Madhav.

"Well, my lord, it will be safe if I follow her and bring her back. Give me a horse," said Madhav.

The prince gave him a fine horse. He rode away.

An hour passed. Then two hours. Where is Leela and where is the old man?

Leela, of course, had rode through the lake. The horse's purple colour had been washed away. It was a white horse now. She had been joined by Madhav. Both headed towards Mallipatna—as agreed to by their fathers.

They spent the night in the house of a relative close to the border between the two kingdoms. In the morning they heard that the king's men were

looking for a lady riding a purple horse!

But the horse was no more purple now than Madhav was an old man! They reached Madhav's house comfortably. They were married a few days thereafter.

The prince never knew what happened to the beautiful captive girl riding a purple horse. And had he even come to know what happened, he could not have done anything about it, because he was afraid of entering Mallipatna, a very powerful kingdom.

"Luckily, you had uttered your wish to see a purple horse that day in the park, just before you were kidnapped," said Madhav often.



BEWARE OF JUDAS KISS!

"What is a Judas Kiss?" asks Prabhu Patwardhan of Bombay.

This is something you should avoid. Judas Kiss is a false or deceitful show of courtesy. It impresses one as a show of kindness, but the motive behind the gesture may be just bad. Don't you know how Judas betrayed Jesus? Shakespeare writes in Henry VI:

So Judas kissed his Master,
And cried, "All hail!" whereas he meant all harm.

Often a traitor is called Judas. The man has given rise to several other phrases: a *Judas goat* means a goat or any other animal or a bird employed to lure others—a bait. *Judas-coloured* is red, for Judas was believed to have red hair. A *Judas-hole* or a *Judas-window* or a *Judas slit* is a spy-hole or a peep-hole an opening in a door or a wall. Generally it is there in the prison door for the guards to see the prisoner. *Judas-tree* is a tree of the botanical *Caesalpinia* family, its rosy flowers bloom before the leaves appear so named because Judas is believed to have hanged himself in one such tree.

Adjective of Judas is Judas, not *Judaic*. We should not describe an act of betrayal as *Judaic* act as someone did, but as Judas-like act. *Judaic* pertains to the Jews. It is an adjective of *Judaea* or the Jews. *Judaism* is the philosophy of religious practice of the Jews.



THE LEOPARD AND THE PEACOCK

Once when clouds gathered on the hills a peacock began to dance. It was a young peacock and it danced rather well. The birds and rabbits and a few deer who were nearby enjoyed the dance.

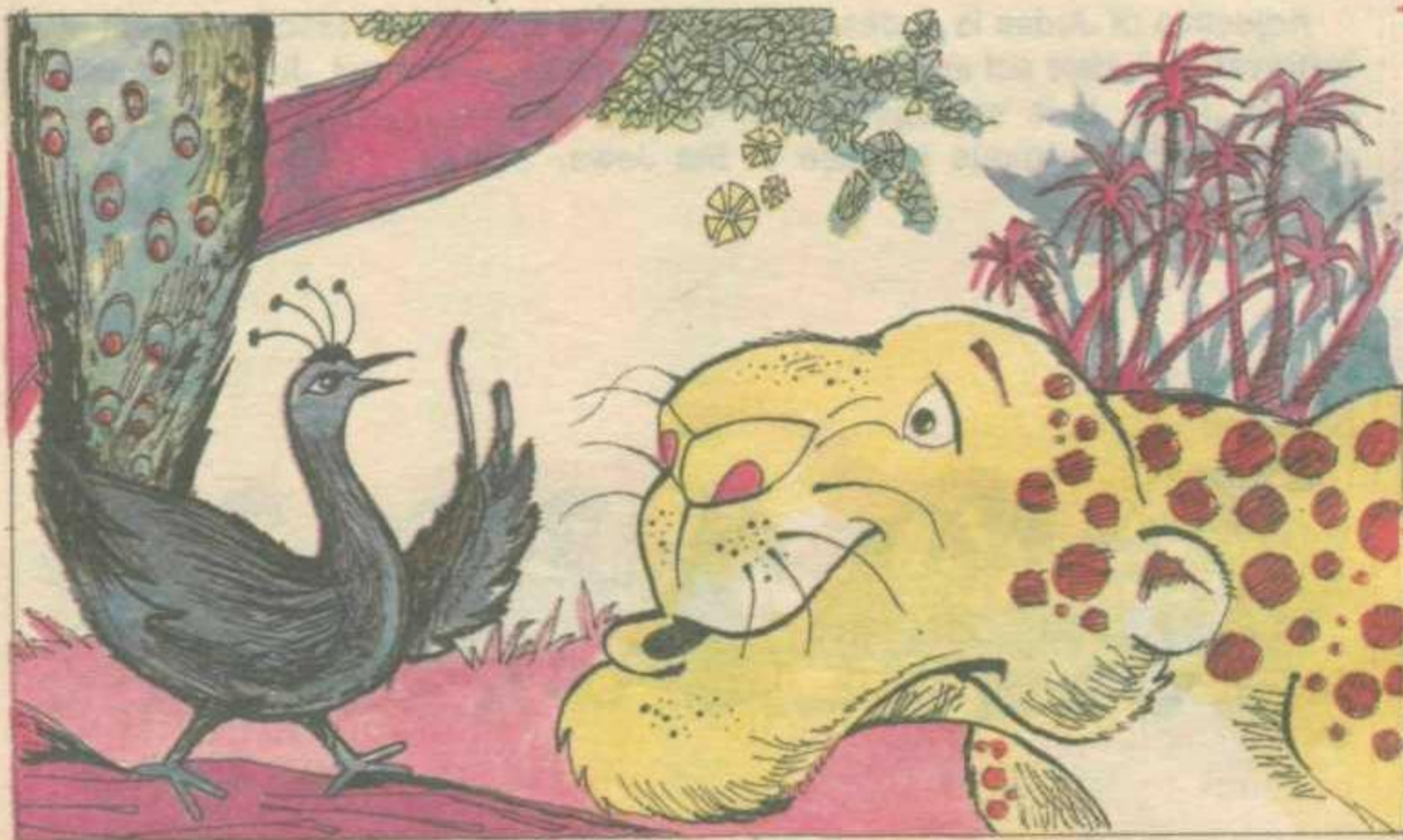
But when the dance ended, the loud appreciation came from an unexpected quarter. "Bravo!" the voice said, "En-core!"

The speaker was a leopard. The peacock was delighted. He danced again.

"I wish I could dance like you," said the leopard. The peacock bowed to him and said, "Thank you. All cannot appreciate art as you do. It speaks of a high aesthetic sense that you have developed."

While saying so, the peacock looked with contempt at the other creatures, including a number of other peacocks and peahens, who witnessed his performance but never cared to congratulate him!

The peacock went closer to



the leopard. They talked of weather, of the hoarse evening chorus presented by the jackals and a lot of other things. They became friends.

When the young peacock returned to its shelter in the bush, his uncle told him, "Beware of your new friend. He is a leopard, after all!"

"So what? He appreciates my dance more than anybody else! He is an aristocratic leopard!" retorted the young peacock.

"That no doubt he is. I'm sure, he means no harm to you. But all said and done, you can never take a leopard's mood for granted. It is good to befriend a powerful fellow, but it is also wise to keep a little aloof from him!" said the uncle.

"Pooh!" said the young peacock. "I'm not like any ordinary peacock!" he added.

The uncle peacock understood that his nephew had begun to think very high of himself because of his friendship with the leopard. No other peacock was known to have ever become a leopard's friend!

Days passed. The peacock and leopard met every day. Often the leopard would ask the peacock to perform a dance and



the peacock would oblige him, cloud or no cloud. They ate together.

One day, the peacock, after eating some delicious plums, dug the earth and sowed the stones of the plums.

The leopard, who was eating a hare, looked at him. "Peacocks who hail from noble families do this," said the peacock in the way of explaining his conduct. "We sow the stones so that new plum trees will grow out of them. We will have new plums."

"I know. Leopards like me who come from noble families also do the same. We also sow



the bones of the creatures we eat so that new creatures will emerge from them," said the leopard very gravely. Then he buried the bones of the hare.

The peacock looked at him with disbelief but said nothing.

The uncle peacock who was listening to their dialogue lying in the bush told the nephew that evening. "All was well so far. But be on your guard now on. You have, unconsciously, provoked the leopard to do something which will bring him disappointment. Consequently, he will be angry with you."

"Never worry on such issues, Uncle, I know the depth of the

friendship between us!" commented the nephew curtly.

Seasons passed. The plum-stones sowed by the peacock sprouted into little plants. Rains made them handsome and greener. They grew up fast. The peacock viewed them with pride. But every time he looked at them or spoke about them, the leopard became very grave. He stole glances at the ground where he had buried the hare's bones. Nothing grew there.

The leopard was growing old and was unable to hunt as smartly as he hunted in days gone by. One day he was tired and hungry. He came to his



usual place of rest.

But the peacock's plum trees had borne fruit. The peacock was feasting on them. He was as much elated as the leopard was distressed.

"Hello leopard! I wish I could share with you the joys of plum-eating!" said the peacock.

The leopard drew a heavy face, but said nothing.

"You seem hungry!" said the peacock.

"I am hungry!" answered the leopard.

"I wish the bones you had buried had really grown up into hares so that you could pick them one by one as I pick the plums and eat them!" said the peacock.

"Who said the hares did not

grow out of the bones? They sprang up and ran away?" said the leopard in a huff, feeling quite disgusted at being teased while he was hungry.

The uncle peacock was feeling like warning the nephew to stop there and not to talk more. But before he could do any such thing, the young peacock said, "You could not catch them, eh? What a pity!"

"Whether I could not catch them or I did not catch them is a different matter. But I can catch something else to prove that I can catch!" shouted the leopard and he sprang on the peacock and killed it.

The uncle peacock fainted in the bush. When he came to senses, he said, "Only if you had not been too proud, only if you had still some humility left in you!"





LARGEST LEAVES

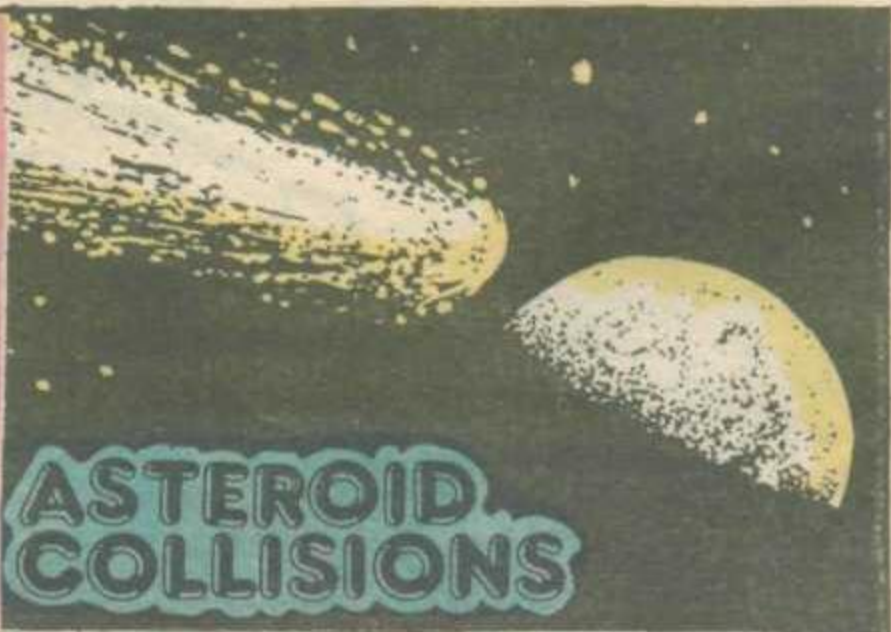
THE LARGEST LEAVES BELONG TO THE RAFFIA PALM OF THE MASCARENE ISLANDS AND THE AMAZONIAN BAMBOO PALM. THESE MEASURE UPTO 65 FT (19.81M) IN LENGTH.

Sentry Duty

A COLONY OF MARMOTS ALWAYS HAS A SENTRY ON DUTY. WHEN A PREDATOR IS SEEN THE 'SENTRY' MARMOT GIVES A LOUD WHISTLE AND ALL THE MARMOTS VANISH INTO THEIR BURROWS. WHEN THE DANGER IS PAST THE "SENTRY" GIVES ANOTHER WHISTLE.



IT IS BELIEVED THAT IN THE LAST 600 MILLION YEARS THERE HAVE BEEN SOME 2,000 ASTEROID-EARTH COLLISIONS



ASTEROID COLLISIONS

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH FROM HISTORY

GURU NANAK



On the full-moon day of the month of Kartik (November) in 1469 was born Nanak at a place today known as Nankana in Punjab after his name.

At the school he put more questions to the teachers than the teachers could put to him. His questions were on God and Truth. His father made him marry at the age of 14 and sent him to Sultanpur where he got a job. He distributed the greater part of his salary among the poor. His worldly preoccupation could not keep him content for long. He left his job and travelled, preaching the oneness of God and equality of all men before Him. He asserted that truth was not the monopoly of any one religion, be it Hinduism or be it Islam. Tolerance of others' faith and a total devotion to the Supreme Lord were the key-words of his teaching.

In the last stage of his life he settled down on the bank of the river Beas, at Kartarpur. The faith he preached became known as Sikhism. He passed away at the age of seventy. His body lay covered by a linen. It is said that both Hindus and Muslims claimed it. But when the cover was removed, there lay only some flowers. The devotees shared them.

WHO IS HE?

It was a dark night. Alone a young man entered the temple of Goddess Kali situated on the river-bank. He wept bitterly and prayed to the Goddess and said, "I have lost all interest in life after my humiliation today. I will die before you—here and now!"

"Don't do such a thing," a divine voice told him. "Suicide shall cause your spirit even more suffering."

"Then, Mother, make me a scholar," prayed the young man.

"My child, so raw is your consciousness that it is only after seven lifetimes that you can become a scholar," said the voice.

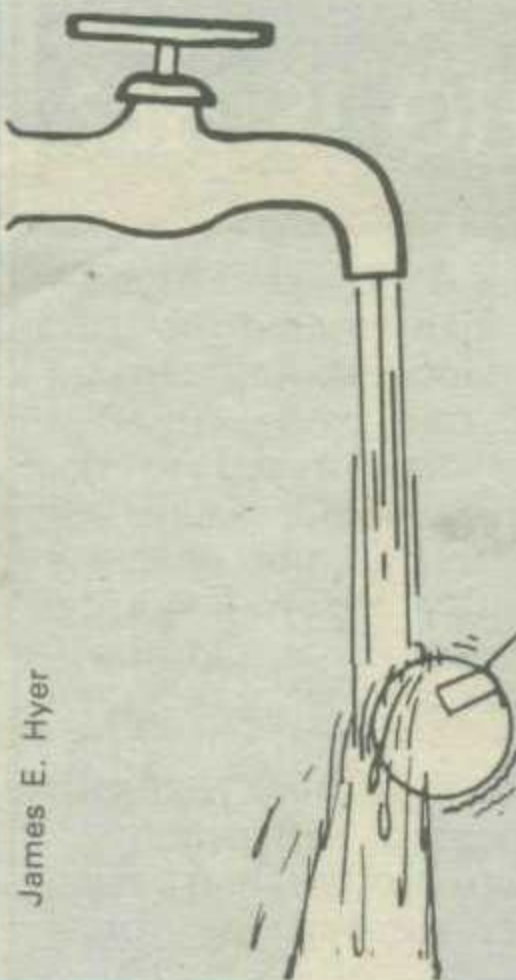
"In that case, I'll die!" said the young man and he got ready to stab himself to death.

The indulgent Mother stopped him and made him die seven times and gave back life into his body seven times, then and there. The young man emerged from the temple as a great scholar.

Who is the young man in this legend? See Page No VIII

Joys of Science

ATTRACTION



James E. Hyer

Directions:

Attach a ping-pong ball to a string with a piece of tape. Then hold the ball so that it touches a stream of water as shown, and slowly move your hand with the string to the side of the stream. Does the ball seem to be attracted to the moving water? Does it remain partly in the stream?

What happens and why:

The ball appears to be attracted to the flowing water. This happens because the water is a fluid and is moving. A moving fluid exerts most of its pressure in the direction it moves and very little pressure to its sides. For this reason, the water exerts less pressure against the ball than the air on the other side of the ball.

When the water runs faster is it harder to pull the ball away from the stream? What happens when the water runs slower? How hard would you need to pull to remove the ball from the stream if the faucet handle was turned until the water flowed as fast as possible?

Will other balls do as well for this as a ping-pong ball? Why not try some and find out for yourself?

If an inflated balloon or a piece of paper was lying along the road and a fast moving car went by the balloon or paper would probably move toward the car. Wouldn't it? Do you now understand why?

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

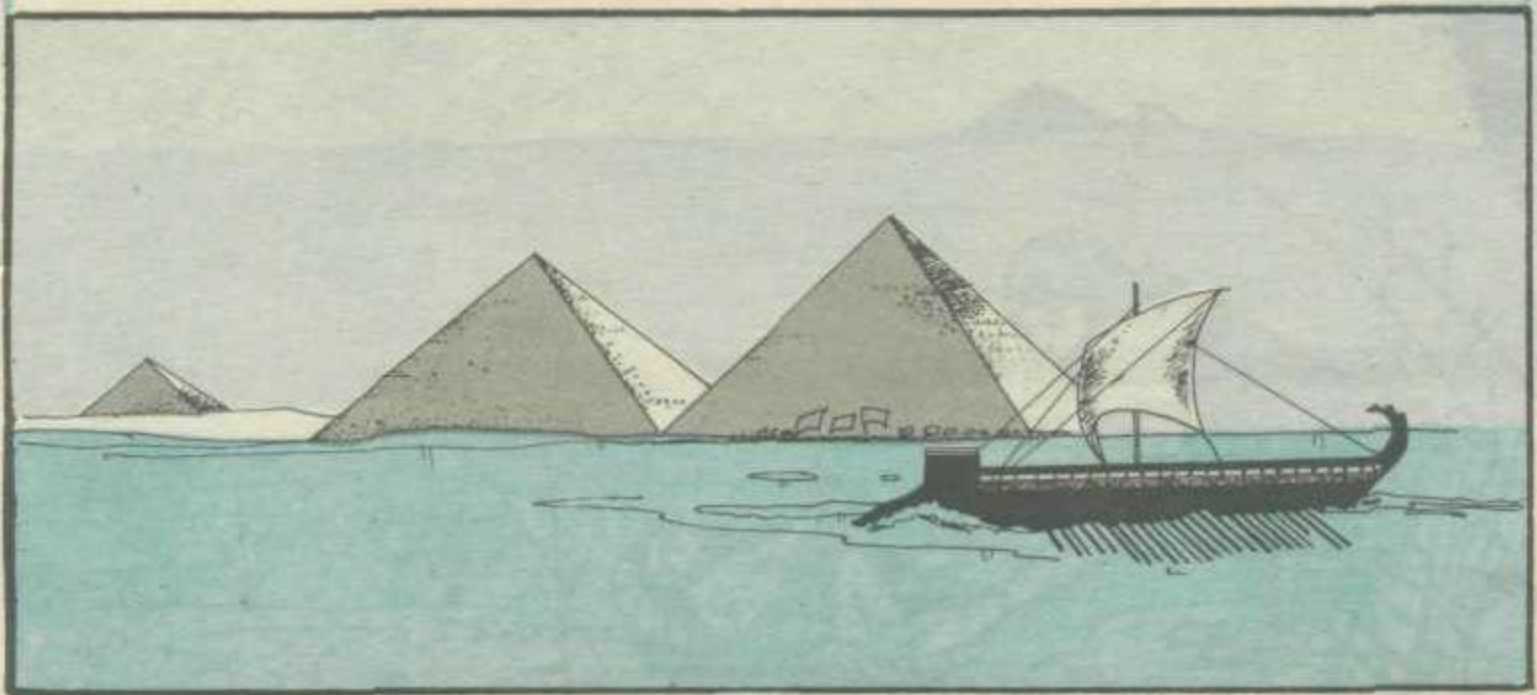
The Pyramids

Five thousand years ago (and even earlier) Egypt was ruled by mighty monarchs known as the Pharaohs. When a Pharaoh died, his dead body was embalmed and sealed in a coffin. The coffin was then put in a tomb on which stood a huge monument of stone. It had a rectangular base. Four sloping triangular sides met at the apex.

Among the surviving pyramids the most amazing ones are the three pyramids standing on the desert not far from the city of Cairo. The largest and the oldest of them is the Pyramid of

King Khufu or Cheops. This is believed to be the greatest single building ever erected by man. It covers an area which could contain some of the most famous monuments of the world, like the St. Peter's Cathedral of Rome, Westminster Abbey and three other big churches. 100,000 men worked for 20 years to complete it. That was 4,700 years ago.

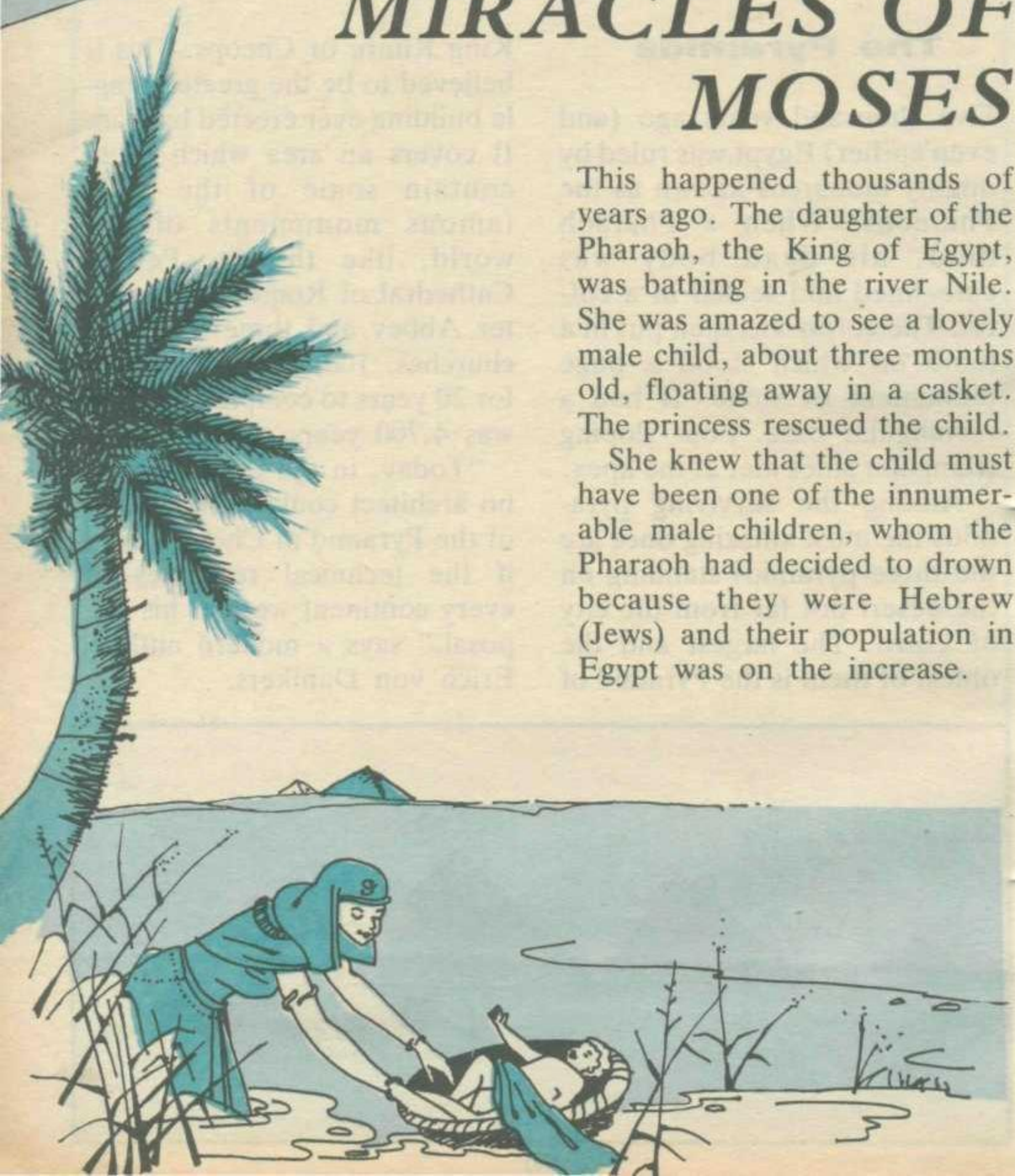
"Today, in the 20th century, no architect could build a copy of the Pyramid of Cheops, even if the technical resources of every continent were at his disposal," says a modern author, Erich von Danikers.



MIRACLES OF MOSES

This happened thousands of years ago. The daughter of the Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, was bathing in the river Nile. She was amazed to see a lovely male child, about three months old, floating away in a casket. The princess rescued the child.

She knew that the child must have been one of the innumerable male children, whom the Pharaoh had decided to drown because they were Hebrew (Jews) and their population in Egypt was on the increase.



The boy's sister who saw from a distance what happened to the child, met the princess and asked her if she wanted a nurse for it. The princess handed over the child to the girl who carried it home to her mother. Thus the child's own mother became its custodian. The child Moses grew up without fear because he was protected by the princess!

The Hebrew people were treated very badly by the Egyptians. They were made to work like slaves and they were tortured or killed for petty reasons.

The chapter entitled "The Exodus" in the Old Testament (the Holy Bible) informs us that Moses had a vision of the Lord in a fire which rose over a bush, but did not burn it. The Lord asked him to take the leadership of the Hebrew people. He taught Moses how to perform miracles so that they will believe him.

Moses tried to persuade the Pharaoh to let his people leave Egypt. The Pharaoh would not listen to him. Moses then performed miracle after miracle. The waters of the river became blood, frogs and locusts and lice covered the whole country. Then a terrible storm destroyed the crops. Plague followed. At



last the first-born sons of the Egyptians died. Only then the Pharaoh let the Hebrew people leave his country.

Moses led his people towards Israel. In front of him was the Red Sea. But the sea parted as Moses and his people passed through it. However, when the Egyptians who had changed their minds and were pursuing them entered the dry passage, the waters fell upon them and drowned them.

The Hebrew people reached their land, but Moses breathed his last before setting his foot on the soil.

A part of the event is believed to be history. The incident marked the beginning of a new nation.

LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST



1. Which ancient city derives its name from two rivers?
(A) What are the names of these two rivers?
(B) With which greater river are they linked?
(C) Why is the city famous?
2. Who was the famous conqueror of India who liked to be known by his mother's family?
(A) When did he come to India?
(B) What is the name of the dynasty he founded?
(C) Who was his most famous forefather?
3. What is the name of the official records of Akbar's reign?
(A) Who was the writer?
(B) What is the title of the other work by him and how is it different from the first book?
4. Which are the three great dynasties that ruled the southern India in ancient times?

See Page No VIII

THE WORLD OF FACTS, SCIENCE INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

1. Who introduced the neon light and when?
2. What is the worth of a single lightning bolt in terms of electricity?
3. How old is the Universe?
4. Who invented the telescope and when?
5. Does the sun maintain an equal distance from the earth all the time?
6. Is there any special season for the UFOs to be sighted?
7. Which country has the largest number of newspapers?
8. How much nerve fibre can a square inch of human hand contain?
9. Which creature can go without water for a longer period of time than the camel?
10. The smell of which animal can be felt from a mile afar?

See Page No VIII.





1. Which is the most widely read Indian scripture? How is it narrated?
 - (A) How many cantos are there in the book?
 - (B) Which is the book that contains this?
 - (C) Who is the sage to whom is attributed the authorship of the work?
2. Who is the great Indian dramatist and poet whose original name is not known?
 - (A) Why did he assume the name by which he is known?
 - (B) What are the plays written by him?
 - (C) What are the works of poetry by him?.
3. A city was reduced to ashes by a woman—according to an ancient work. Which city was that?
 - (A) Who was the woman?
 - (B) What is the title of the work and who is the author and what is the language in which it is written and when was it written?

See Page No VIII

LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL THE INDIAN LANGUAGES

Assamese : *Chhatra*; Bengali : *Chhatra*; English : *Student*;
Gujarati : *Vidyarthi*; Hindi : *Chhatra*; Kannada : *Vidyarthi*;
Kashmiri : *Shagird*; Malayalam : *Vidyarthi*; Marathi : *Vidyarthi*;
Oriya : *Chhatra*; Punjabi : *Vidyarthi*; Sanskrit : *Vidyarthin*;
Sindhi : *Sagirdu*; Tamil : *Manavan*; Telugu : *Vidyarthi*; Urdu :
Talibilm;



DO YOU BELIEVE

- * That the Aryans came to India from outside the continent?
- * That Columbus was the first outsider to reach America?
- * That the Kangaroo is the only animal with a pouch?

OH, NO!

- * Surprisingly, there is no evidence to support this theory. This is a mere conjecture.
- * No. Leif Ericsson, the hero of Norway, found America in the year 1000.
- * No. The Kangaroo is only one of the animals with this speciality, the others being Koala bears, opossums and wombats. There are some more too.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Kalidasa, the great poet. According to a popular legend he was extremely naive. A certain princess announced that she would marry only a scholar who was superior to her in scholarship. Several ambitious suitors were rejected by her. In order to avenge their humiliation, they located Kalidasa (whose original name is unknown) and passed him on as a great scholar. The princess married him only to find out the truth. She threw him out. You already know the rest of the legend.

HISTORY

1. Varanasi
(A) Varuna and Ashi
(B) With the Ganga (C) For the temple of Shiva, known as Viswanatha
2. Babur. He became known as Mughal from Mongol, the dynasty of his mother.
(A) In 1526 (B) Mughal Dynasty (C) Chengiz Khan, the Mongol chief

3. Akbarnamah
(A) Abul Fazal (B) Ain-i-Akbari. This is a book of statistics and data of Akbar's empire.
4. The Cholas, the Pandyas and the Cheras.

SCIENCE

1. George Claude, the French physicist. He displayed it for the first time at the Paris Motor Show on 3rd December, 1910.
2. It can be 7,750 million Kilo-watts of electrical energy.
3. Between 15 and 20 billion years.
4. The invention is attributed to Hans Lippershey, a spectacles merchant of Middelburg. He did it on 2nd October 1908. But it seems, the idea came to an assistant of his, a boy, who was playing with lenses.
5. No. It is 3 million miles closer to the earth during winter than summer.
6. Statistically, more UFOs are seen when Mars is closest to the earth than at other times, whatever be the reason.

7. The United States of America. Half the world's newspapers are published in the U.S.A. and Canada together.
8. 72 feet of nerve fibre.
9. The giraffe.
10. Of the Skunk.

LITERATURE

1. The Bhagavad Gita. It is a dialogue between Sri Krishna and Arjuna.
(A) Eighteen (B) The Mahabharata (Bhisma-Parva)
(C) Vyasa
2. Kalidasa.
A) Because he turned into a scholar by the Grace of the Mother Goddess, Kali
(B) *Malavikagnimitram*, *Vikramorvasiyam* and *Abhijnana-Shakuntalam*
(C) *Raghuvamsam*, *Kumarasambhavam* and *Meghadutam*.
3. Madurai.
(A) Kannaki
(B) *Silappadikaram* by Prince Ilango Adigal written in Tamil some two thousand years ago.



SIX RECORDS IN 45mins



AMERICAN ATHLETE JESSE OWENS SET 6 WORLD RECORDS IN THE SPACE OF 45 MINUTES ON MAY 25 1936. THESE WERE FOR RUNNING HURDLING AND LONG JUMP

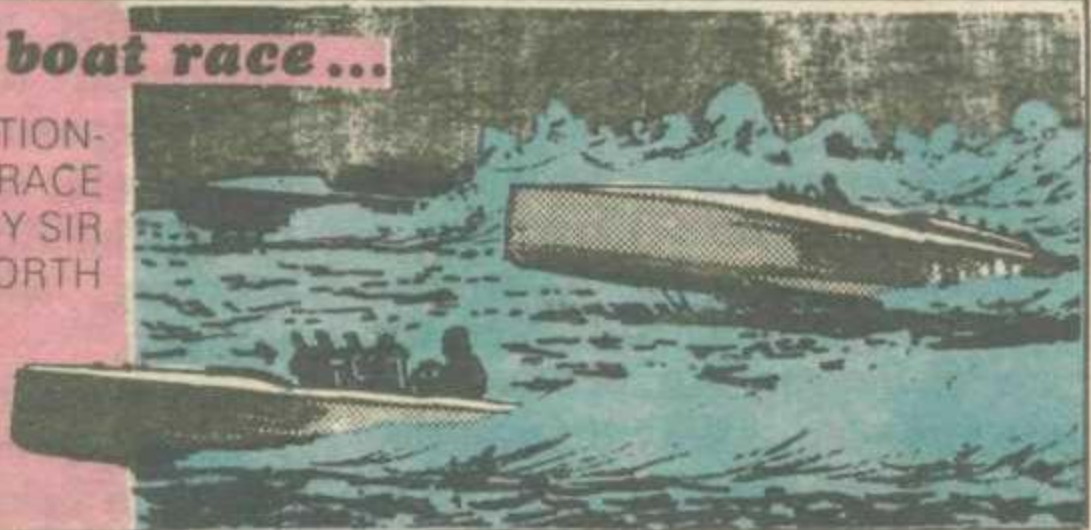
SONYA HENIE OF NORWAY WON THREE OLYMPIC GOLDS (1928 1932, 1936) AND TEN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR FIGURE SKATING. SHE BECAME A FAMOUS FILM STAR OF THE 30s.



Gold medal film star

First power boat race...

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL POWER BOAT RACE WAS SPONSORED BY SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH IN 1903





WHEN A BLESSING CAN BE A CURSE

In a certain village lived a poor woman named Sucheta. Though poor, she was very generous and helpful to others. She had nobody in the world except a son. The boy worked in a small shop in the town. She wove cloth in her small loom and worked hard for a living.

Facing Sucheta's cottage stood a fine house. It belonged to Leela, who was a wealthy woman. In fact, her family lived in the town. She lived in the village to supervise the lands her husband owned. The villagers knew her to be a proud lady who did not care for anything except her own interest.

It was a hot summer noon. A mendicant knocked on Leela's door. Leela was expecting a messenger from the town. She opened the door. But when she saw a beggar-like person, she got annoyed. "Why do you disturb me?" she shouted. "I'm

sorry, mother, but I'm awfully thirsty. All I want is a little water to drink," he said.

But Leela shut the door on his face. Sucheta observed it. She silently signed the mendicant to come to her cottage. When he came, she had a feeling that he was not only thirsty, but also hungry. She had barely enough for herself. But she gave half of it to the mendicant, along with water to drink. "Can I take rest on your verandah for a while?"

"Do so by all means," said Sucheta. After an hour the beggar called her and said, "I'm going. But, my daughter, I am delighted to meet a kind-hearted person like you. Whatever useful work you decide to do as the first thing tomorrow morning, will go on till the evening."

The mendicant left. Sucheta was happy because the mendicant had been happy. But soon

she forgot what he said. In fact, she did not quite understand what he said.

Next day, in the morning, she decided to measure the cloth which she had woven and kept in a box. She opened the box and began measuring it, but it did not seem to come to an end! At first she was surprised. Soon she remembered the mendicant's blessings for her. She went on unfolding the bundle. Yards and yards of cloth kept on coming out of it. By evening her whole house had become a godown of cloth!

The news of the miracle spread. The villagers were keen to buy yards of this magic cloth from her. Many of them were pleased to pay more than the normal price she had fixed for it.

Leela repented for having turned the mendicant away. How much she wished that he would come again!

And came he did—one evening. As soon as she saw him, she was all smiles. It appeared kindness was overflowing in her. She folded her hands and greeted the mendicant. "Please come in. Generally I never refuse anything to anybody. But that day I was tired and annoyed on account of many things. I felt so



sorry afterwards!" Leela said. She cooked some delicious dishes for the mendicant. The mendicant silently ate them. Then he stood up and said, "Thank you. Let me go."

Leela was growing impatient. "Won't you say something similar to what you said to the woman opposite my house?" at last she asked.

The mendicant murmured as if to himself, "Will my saying alone benefit you? A blessing can be a curse if one is not worthy of it!" Then, in a louder voice, he said, "Well, tomorrow, the first thing you decide to do will continue till the evening!"



Leela bowed down to him. The mendicant left.

Leela could not sleep at night. She eagerly waited for the morning. She knew what she should do. She had four gold coins in her box. She will begin counting them. Naturally, the coins will keep coming out till it was evening! She will become the richest person in the whole land!

She was advancing towards the box when a buzzing bee flew near her nose. She drove it away. But as it began circling around her head, she decided to teach it a lesson. She waited and when it came closer to her, she

swapped at it in a bid to kill it.

Next moment came another bee. She slapped it down. Then came another. There were bees all around. However hard she tried, she could not drive them away. She went on swapping at the bees one after another. Swarms of bees surrounded her.

A little later another woman who worked in her household as a servant came and saw what Leela was doing. She went to Leela's rescue, but could do nothing about it. She retreated and told the villagers about it. Many villagers appeared at Leela's door. To some of them it was a funny sight; to others it was a sad sight. But none of them could do much to drive away the bees.

When the sun went down, the bees too flew away. Exhausted, Leela collapsed on the floor. The mendicant had said that whatever is the first work she decides to do in the morning, she will continue doing till the evening. That had happened!

That very night Leela loaded a cart with her belongings and left for the town to join her family. She was in no mood to show her face to the villagers any more.

NEW TALES OF KING
VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE

THE STRANGE CROWN

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Fierce wind whistled past the trees. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, what is the special thing you wish to possess, for which you are taking such trouble? What kind of benefit do you expect from it? You should remember that even if one gets the thing one wanted, there is no guarantee that one will be benefited by it. Let me explain my point to you. Pay attention to my narration. That may bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Long





long ago there was a man named Nanda Gupta in a certain village. His only son, Dev Gupta, was as intelligent as he was ambitious. While his father depended on farming for their livelihood, Dev Gupta desired to prosper through business. But they did not have enough money to invest as capital.

Dev's mother had died soon after giving birth to him. Barring the father and the son, there was nobody else in their family.

One day Nanda Gupta took to bed. His illness proved serious. He called Dev to his bedside and said, "The time is fast approaching when I will

have to depart to the world beyond. I must reveal to you the secret of a rare property in my custody. That is here in this room—in that box." The dying man pointed at a box that lay in a corner of the room.

"What is that property, father?" asked Dev.

"It is a crown, studded with precious gems," said Nanda Gupta.

Dev was surprised. "Father, why did you not tell me about it earlier? We could have sold the crown and, with the money obtained, started some business!" said Dev.

"My son!" said Nanda Gupta remorsefully, "That crown is not meant to be sold away. It is endowed with a very special quality. If anyone will put it on his head and appear before the king, the king will make him his son-in-law. The only condition is, the one to wear the crown should also wear clothes which should be equally grand and gorgeous. He should also visit the palace riding his own horse. I tried for a long time, but failed to gather enough money to buy the necessary clothes and a horse. The king of my generation is no more. I understand

that the present king has a daughter. I fondly wish that you will be able to win her hand through this crown."

Dev Gupta was delighted. Soon thereafter Nanda Gupta died. Dev Gupta decided to mortgage the crown with some rich man. With the money received, he could start some business. The profit from the business will enable him to buy the necessary clothes and a horse and also to recover the mortgaged crown.

Accordingly he went to a goldsmith in the town and pledged the crown with him for ten thousand rupees. With the money he hired a boat and traded with an island. In four years he could collect twenty thousand rupees. He met the goldsmith and wanted to get back his crown.

"You are welcome to take back your property, but only after paying me an amount of twentyfour thousand rupees including the interest," said the goldsmith.

Dev Gupta, requested him to be satisfied with twenty thousand, but the goldsmith did not oblige him. He went away in disgust.



Because of Dev Gupta's trade with the island a merchant named Vijay Singh had been a loser. Vijay Singh had taken up trading in jewellery. Now Dev Gupta too began trading in jewellery. That angered Vijay Singh who waited for an opportunity to wreak his vengeance on Dev Gupta. Dev Gupta knew nothing of Vijay Singh's attitude towards him.

A year passed. Dev Gupta made a profit of thirty thousand rupees. He went to the goldsmith and asked him to return the crown. "My brother, I was under the impression that you were no longer interested in the crown. That is why I sold it to



Vijay Singh only two days ago, for an amount of thirty thousand rupees!" said the goldsmith.

Dev Gupta was once again disappointed. However, he met Vijay Singh and said, "I will pay you thirty thousand rupees. Please give me my property."

Vijay Singh laughed. "Dev Gupta, you are trading in jewellery yourself. Don't you know that a jeweller expects double the amount he invests? Give me sixty thousand rupees and take away your property," he said, laughing even louder.

Dev Gupta broke down in anger and disappointment. He moved to another town and

plied his trade there. After two years he returned to Vijay Singh and said, "Take one lakh rupees and restore my crown to me!"

Vijay Singh laughed like a villain and said, "Dev Gupta! You know as much as I know that the value of the crown is much less than one lakh. Why are you willing to spend such a large fortune on this? What is the mystery behind this? You must disclose it to me. Only then I will give your property to you, not otherwise."

Dev Gupta grew mad with fury. "I will never disclose that secret to you. You can take all I have, including my house, but please return the crown to me."

Vijay Singh was surprised, but he could not check his temptation to agree to the bargain. He took over whatever Dev Gupta had and gave him the crown.

But now Dev Gupta was back in the same position where he was at the beginning. How to get enough money for a set of grand clothes and horse? He knocked on the doors of all the affluent people he knew and requested them for some loan. But nobody was willing to help him. In fact everybody thought

that he had gone mad. The more vehemently he asserted that he will in due course become a relation of the king, the more suspicious the people became about his sanity.

At last he met Vijay Singh once again and said, "Listen to the secret of the crown. If you put this on and dress yourself suitably and ride a horse and appear before the king, he will make you his son-in-law. Now, I am dying of hunger. Take the crown and give me some money so that I can launch some new business."

"Here is the money," said Vijay Singh, giving Dev an amount of ten rupees while taking the crown from him.

"What is this? Is this the reward for revealing to you such a great secret?" asked Dev Gupta with anguish.

"Look here, Dev, I have given you enough for you to go and buy a meal for yourself. I will never give you enough money to launch a business. If I do, you will become my rival. Now, get out or I will ask my servants to drive you out," threatened Vijay Singh.

Dev Gupta wept and left the town. He reached the capital

city where lived a great friend of his father. The gentleman was deeply moved to see his condition. He helped Dev Gupta to launch a business. Dev Gupta prospered very soon. In three years he became a respectable man in the city.

One day a beggar bowed to him. From under his tattered clothes, he brought out a crown and showed it to him. Dev Gupta was taken aback, for it was the very crown he had inherited from his father.

"Do you recognise me, sir?" asked the beggar, in tears. Dev Gupta gazed at him and recognised him. He was none other than Vijay Singh. Misfortune had reduced him to that condition.

"Sir, kindly take back your crown. Give me some money to begin a new life," pleaded Vijay Singh.

"Vijay Singh! I don't propose to order my servants to drive you out. But I tell you, I don't need the crown. Now, go away immediately," said Dev Gupta and he shut the door on Vijay Singh's face.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone:

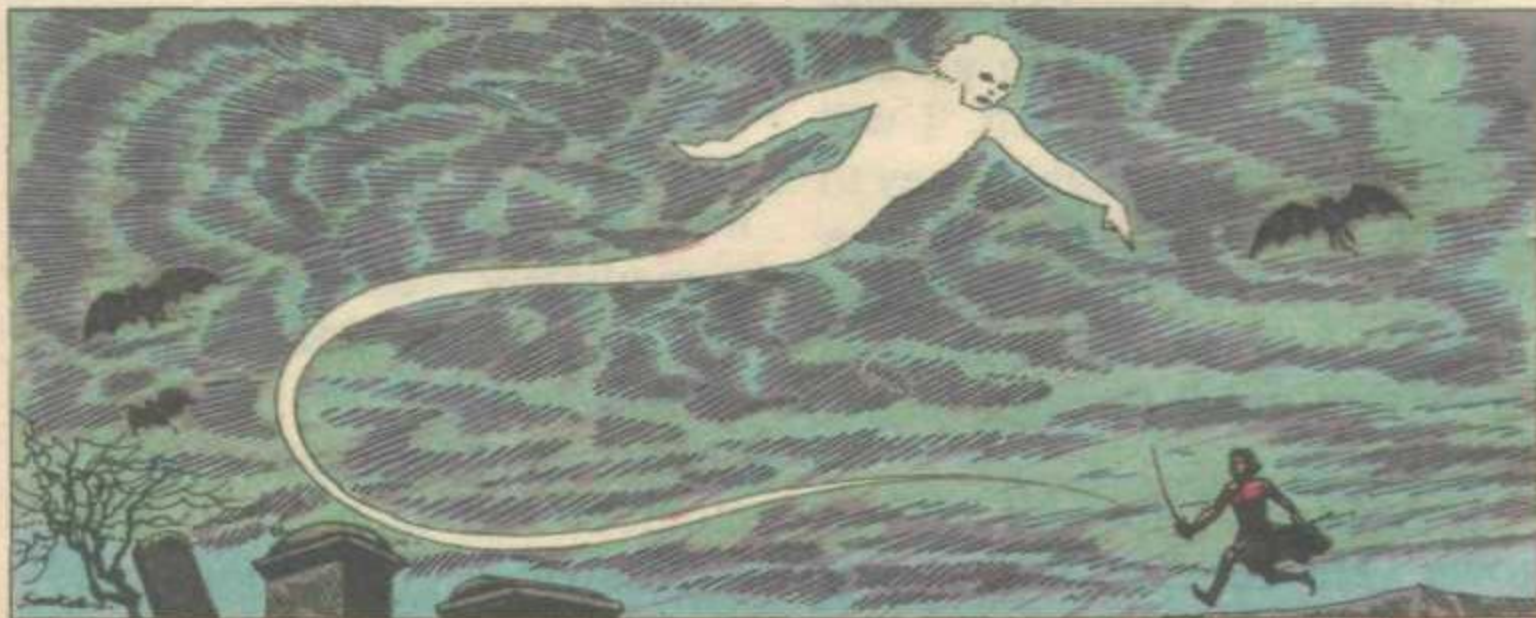


"O King, why did Dev Gupta make such a blunder? Now he was in a position to buy any number of horses and good dresses. He could have recovered the crown paying a small amount. He had suffered much in order to achieve a certain goal. Now that success came to peep at his door, what made him refuse it? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Dev Gupta had realised that the crown was a cursed property. His father lived the life of a poor man in spite of his possessing it. Dev Gupta himself earned much, but always fell into such predicaments that his prosperity came to mean nothing. It is not that anyone who possessed the crown was

bound to suffer. The goldsmith had kept it for quite sometime, but without facing any problem on its account. It is only those who knew its secret and kept it, suffered. As long as Vijay Singh was not aware of the crown, nothing touched him, but the moment he knew about it, misfortune struck him. The fact is, it is to take revenge on Vijay Singh that one day Dev Gupta revealed its secret to him. It is for the same reason that Vijay Singh came to return the crown to Dev Gupta. Vijay Singh had realised that it was the thing that was accursed. Dev Gupta, of course, had grown too wise to be caught in the net once again!"

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





THE LAST COMPANION

This happened long ago. In a certain village lived Pabam, a poor young man. He had studied a number of books with his own efforts, but who would care for a self-taught young man of a remote village?

One day some travellers told him that the position of an official lay vacant in the capital. Candidates were required to appear in a test on a certain day. The one to pass it will get the job.

Pabam began walking towards the town. He was required to cover the distance in two days if he should be present in the capital on time for the test. He could not afford to hire a carriage for his journey.

There was only half-day's distance left when Pabam saw a young man about to collapse on the roadside, his hands pressed against his chest. Pabam under-

stood that the young man was having some acute pain. Pabam sat down by his side and tried to give him courage. But the young man died after an hour.

Pabam had left the main road and taken to a short-cut which was not frequented by many. That is why it was not surprising that he saw no other traveller. He found a purse in the pocket of the dead young man. It contained a good number of gold coins. He carried the dead body to a hiding behind a bush. He spread his own shawl on it. Then he took only one coin from the purse and went to the nearby village. He bought a coffin and a few other items necessary for burying the dead. He put the young man's body in the coffin and dug a pit and buried it there. He burnt incense around it and placed flowers on the grave. He knelt down

and said, "O Soul of the unknown traveller! This is all I could have done for you. Pardon me for my lapses."

He then hurried to the town. But by the time he reached the appointed spot, the test had already begun. He was not allowed to sit for it.

He sighed with disappointment and began his homeward journey. He observed that a horse followed him. If he stopped, the horse also stopped; he took to a diversion, the horse did the same. He now faintly remembered that the horse had followed him to the town too, though he had not taken notice of it.

He was tired. He mounted the horse. At once the horse began to gallop. It never stopped until it arrived in front of a large mansion. The servants of the mansion as well as its master

came running to him. "How did you come to ride this horse?" they asked. From their surprise and conversation Pabam understood that the young man who died had gone out riding this horse.

Pabam told them all that had happened. At first some of them suspected that Pabam had played foul with the young man. But when Pabam led them to the grave and they dug it and saw that only one coin was missing from the amount the young man carried, they were deeply impressed by Pabam's honesty.

"You were my son's companion during his last moments. So, you are my son now," said the master of the mansion.

Pabam accepted the offer. He lived there and inherited the old man's estate. In course of time he became renowned as a wise man in that province of China.



TALES OF GOPAL BHAND

A DREAM IN TWO PARTS



Maharaja Krishnachandra of Bengal would very much like to laugh at the cost of his jester Gopal. But his plans always went awry.

One morning, in the court, he said, "Gopal! I dreamt that we two were walking. A demon took hold of me and threw me into a large pot of honey!"



The Maharaja continued, "Next he caught hold of you and threw you into a pot of cowdung! Then the demon went away. I too woke up."

All the courtiers laughed, looking at Gopal who stood as if he was really ashamed! The Maharaja enjoyed his discomfiture.



Then spoke Gopal Bhand, "Your Majesty, it is amazing that I too dreamt the same dream. But I also dreamt what happened thereafter."



Gopal continued: "Both of us emerged from our respective pots and looked for water to wash. But there was no water."

"Then?" asked the Maharaja. Gopal resumed, "Then we decided to clean each other by licking each other's bodies. Your Majesty licked mine and I your Majesty's!"



The courtiers felt like bursting their spleens, but were unable to laugh lest the Maharaja should feel offended. But the Maharaja broke the ice by laughing himself.



THE JESTER'S ACHIEVEMENT

One day an orator boasted before the king, "My lord, it is not at all easy to command a good gathering. But whenever I speak, a large number of people come to hear me."

"I agree with you. It is not easy to attract so many people," said the king.

"I don't agree with him, my lord," said the jester. "I can attract a large number of people easily," he claimed.

"Well, if you invite people to come to a feast, they will of course come!" commented the king.

"I will offer no feast; I will not even invite anybody. Still I can collect a crowd," said the jester.

"Perhaps you can, but they

will go back disgusted, cursing you," said the king.

"I assure you, my lord, that they will disperse peacefully, without showing any sign of disgust," asserted the jester.

"Let us see you do the feat. I will pay you a thousand rupees," promised the king after throwing a challenge.

"I accept the challenge, my lord!" said the jester.

Next day, the jester was seen asking several people in front of the temple, "What will happen to one if one jumps from the top of the temple?"

"One is bound to die!" agreed all.

"I don't know. I think I will jump from the top of the temple



on Monday in the morning!" said the jester as if to himself.

The news spread like wild fire.

On Monday, in the morning, hundreds of people began gathering in front of the temple right from dawn. Soon after the sun rose, the jester was found climbing the temple. People waited with bated breath.

The news reached the king. He rushed to the spot. He found that five thousand people had gathered there—without even one of them being invited.

"I will count ten and then jump," said the jester. "One, two, three..." the jester went on counting.

He had counted up to nine when a tender voice shouted from below, "Father! Here is your breakfast. Mother said that you can die after eating the delicious item she has pre-

pared," said the boy.

"All right, Sonny," said the jester. He climbed down and ate. Suddenly he collapsed. The court physician who too was there, examined him and declared that he had really swooned away.

"Carry him to the palace," ordered the king. The jester was carried to the palace and the king and the physician followed him. The crowd dispersed peacefully.

When the jester woke up, the king congratulated him. At the same time he said, "Luckily you swooned away by chance!"

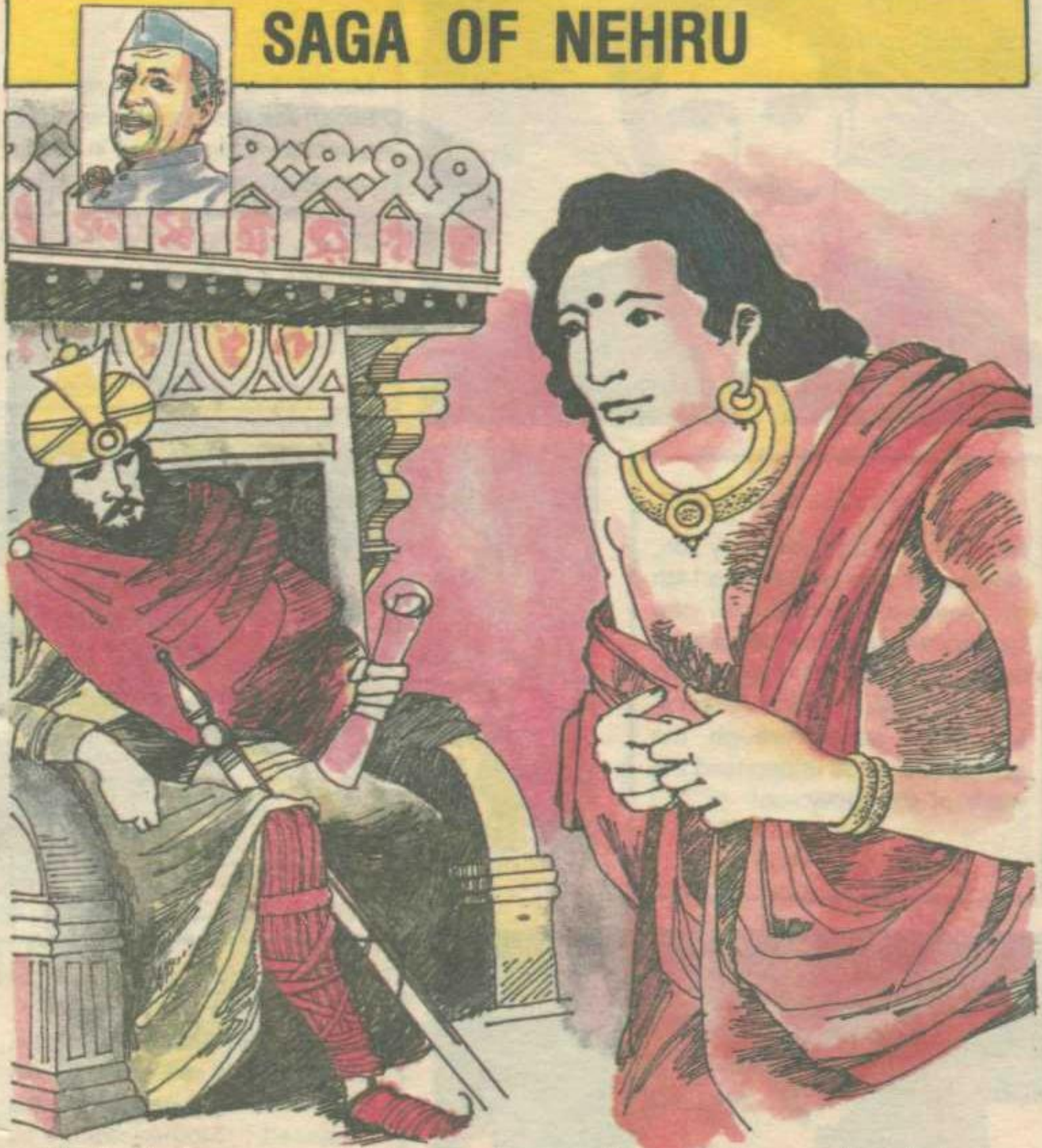
"There is nothing by chance, my lord. I had advised my wife to mix a certain mild drug in my breakfast!" confessed the jester.

"Anyway, you have won!" said the king, handing over his reward to him.

—Retold by P. Raja.



SAGA OF NEHRU



The Moghul emperor Farrukhsiar, on a visit to Kashmir, was impressed by a Brahmin scholar named Raj Kaul, early in the eighteenth century. Raj Kaul's family, through imperial favour, migrated to Delhi. In Delhi, the family built its house on a *nahar* or canal. Hence they came to be known as Nehrus. A descendant of the family, Gangadhar Nehru was the Kotwal of Delhi before the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. During the turmoil of the Mutiny, the family lost everything and Gangadhar went over to Agra. There, in 1861 three months after his death, was born to him a son who was named Motilal. Motilal was brought up by his elder brother Nandlal.



Motilal became a lawyer and began his practice at the newly established High Court in Allahabad. He prospered very fast. His elder brother was no more. Motilal bore the burden of the joint family successfully.

Motilal's first child and only son, Jawaharlal, was born on the 14th of November 1889. As the famous father would relax after a day's work amidst friends and talk and laugh, the little Jawaharlal would peep through the screen and try to understand the ways of the grown-up!



One day the little one saw his father drinking red wine. He ran to his mother, Swarup Rani and exclaimed, "Mother! Father is drinking blood!" Jawaharlal's mother was very sweet and tolerant by nature. She must have smiled at the child's innocence.

Motilal Nehru, though generous and intelligent, could be rough when angry. One day, the little Jawaharlal saw two fountain pens on his table. Sure that Father could not write with two pens at a time, he took away one. He got a severe beating.



Surprisingly, Jawaharlal did not feel any ill-will towards his father despite the punishment, for he thought that he deserved it. However, his unfailing source of solace was his mother, who told him numerous stories from the Ramayana and Mahabharata.

His birthdays used to be a great event. Adorned with new clothes, he would be weighed in a huge balance against bagfuls of wheat and other articles which were then distributed to the poor. His grievance was that his birthday came only once a year!





Jawaharlal used to go out for a ride on a pony encouraged by a friendly army man. One day he rode alone and had a fall from the pony. The pony returned home without the little rider.

Motilal Nehru was giving a party. There was panic at the sight of the pony without its rider. All the guests rushed out in different directions in search of the lost boy. Some rode on horse, some ran and some drove their carriage.



The boy was slowly walking towards home. What an outburst of joy was there when he was found out! "I was treated as if I had performed some heroic deed!" he recollected many years later.

To continue



TWO ADVISERS

Sudhakar of village Rambha, though very young, held an important position in the king's court. But whenever he was in his village, he moved about like a villager, never conscious of his position in the town. Naturally, he was loved and trusted by the village folk.

"Hello Grandpa, why do you look so remorseful?" Sudhakar, on one of his visits to his village, asked the old Ratan Das.

The old man led him to a lonely corner of his compound and said, "Sudhakar, I was looking forward to your visit. You know all about my grandson, Ramesh. He graduated from an academy in Kashi, but returned home instead of taking up any job in the city. He chose to look after the lands and to raise the cattle. We were proud

of him. We took him to be an ideal young man who, in spite of his high qualification, did not care to lead a comfortable life in the city."

"That is right," said Sudhakar.

"But do you know what has happened?" continued the old Ratan Das, "Ramesh has displeased practically everybody in the village. All the villagers loved us. But now they even avoid us."

But why is it so?" asked Sudhakar, quite surprised.

"Look here, Sudhakar, I'm not educated like yourself or Ramesh. But my life has taught me much. I can read the minds of people. Ramesh is a very proud young man. Because he is educated, he expects everybody to be humble before him. But,

you know, the village people are not accustomed to showing any artificial courtesy to anybody. They will love you only if you are affectionate towards them. Will you please try to put some good sense into Ramesh's mind?" said Ratan Das.

"Very well, grandpa, I will wait for an opportunity when I can talk to him," said Sudhakar.

By talking to the villagers Sudhakar found out that the villagers took him to be selfish. He expected everybody to help him when he needed it, but he never went forward to help anybody. He expected others to

praise him when he achieved something in his experiments in agriculture, but he was always critical of others' achievements. He even ridiculed them.

Two or three days passed. One day Sudhakar found Ramesh alone and greeted him and began talking to him.

"My brother, you are the only man in the village to have studied agriculture in an academy. I'm sure the villagers can profit much by your knowledge," said Sudhakar.

"They don't deserve to profit from my knowledge. They are fools," replied Ramesh.



"You should not say so. They are simple people. It is for you to teach them," said Sudhakar.

"I don't care," replied Ramesh.

"Look here, Ramesh, one can afford to remain aloof from everybody else in the town. But such is the atmosphere in a village, you can be happy only if you share the sorrows and happiness of others. You should be sympathetic towards the others. That will bring you joy. You should not be selfish!" said Sudhakar.

"Shut up! You consider yourself very kind and generous, do you? I will knock your teeth off if you persist in showering sermons on me," shouted Ramesh.

Sudhakar laughed. "Never mind my advice, brother, please leave my teeth in peace," he said as he went away.

Next day, in the afternoon, Ramesh happened to meet Sudhakar. "Sudhakar, will you come to listen to the discourse by Acharya Vrajadev? He is an excellent speaker, you know!"

"Well, why not, I can accom-

pany you," said Sudhakar.

In the evening Ramesh called Sudhakar and both went to the meeting ground. The villagers made them sit in the first row.

In the discourse of his speech, the Acharya said, "The cause of one's discontentment is hidden in oneself. In vain does he look for the cause outside him. One who is filled with weakness himself, finds fault in others at the first opportunity. Whoever has peace and goodwill within himself, will spontaneously inspire peace and goodwill in others."

Sudhakar looked askance at Ramesh and observed that Ramesh listened to the discourse with rapt attention.

The Acharya continued, "Peace and contentment are God's gifts. No human being can give them to us. But we become eligible to get them when we become sympathetic towards others and when we are not selfish!"

Sudhakar feared that Ramesh will get ready to knock off the Acharya's teeth! But to his pleasant surprise, he saw Ramesh listening to the speaker with rapt attention.



The meeting came to an end. The two young men were walking towards their house when Ramesh said, "Sudhakar! How did you like the Acharya's discourse? I liked it immensely. He makes such cogent points, so useful to all!"

Sudhakar agreed with him, but he was surprised. Next day Sudhakar met the Acharya. They had met several times earlier in the town. Sudhakar told the Acharya all about Ramesh and said, "Sir, I had told him exactly what you said in the meeting. But he was angry with me, while he praised you. What is the mystery?"

The Acharya laughed and explained, "You accused him of selfishness. I accused selfishness itself, not any individual. He as an individual was your target, my target was not any individual, but the vices common to man, Besides..."

The Acharya stopped. But Sudhakar smiled and said, "Besides there is the question of the right to advise. I am his friend, but you are looked upon as a teacher of all. I am of his own age; you are senior and superior to him."

The Acharya nodded agreement with Sudhakar's observation.

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THE THIRD QUESTION

King Vind Verma of Vikram-puri was a good-natured man, but he neglected his duty as a king. He devoted almost all his time to discussion on philosophy and literature with scholars from all over his kingdom.

Although he had a wise minister, the man who practically ruled the land was the general of his army, who happened to be the son of his elder sister. The king reposed great faith in his own relatives.

But the general was ambitious and cunning. Taking advantage of the king's lack of interest in the affairs of the state, he built up a coterie of his supporters among the courtiers. Whenever there was an opportunity, these courtiers told the king, directly or indirectly that all was well with the kingdom; the subjects were happy and extremely

pleased with the administration; there was prosperity everywhere.

The king was quite impressed with the general. Little could he imagine that the general tyrannised over the people, that the people had to pay through their noses to keep the general and his coterie happy, that anybody who protested against his tyranny was either imprisoned or killed.

The old minister was a sad man. Several times he tried to caution the king against his nephew, but his attempts went in vain. Either the king did not catch the hints he gave or he was so sure about all being well that he did not care for the warning.

But one day the minister learnt that the general did not stop with being tyrannical, he was planning to usurp the

throne. The old minister could not keep quiet any longer. He told the king, "Your Majesty, I have something very important to tell you. You must give me a private audience."

The king immediately led the minister to his private chamber. The minister gave him a report of the general's mischief in some detail. The king was stunned. He could not dismiss the minister's allegations as nonsense. At the same time, he could not believe that his nephew could be that mischievous.

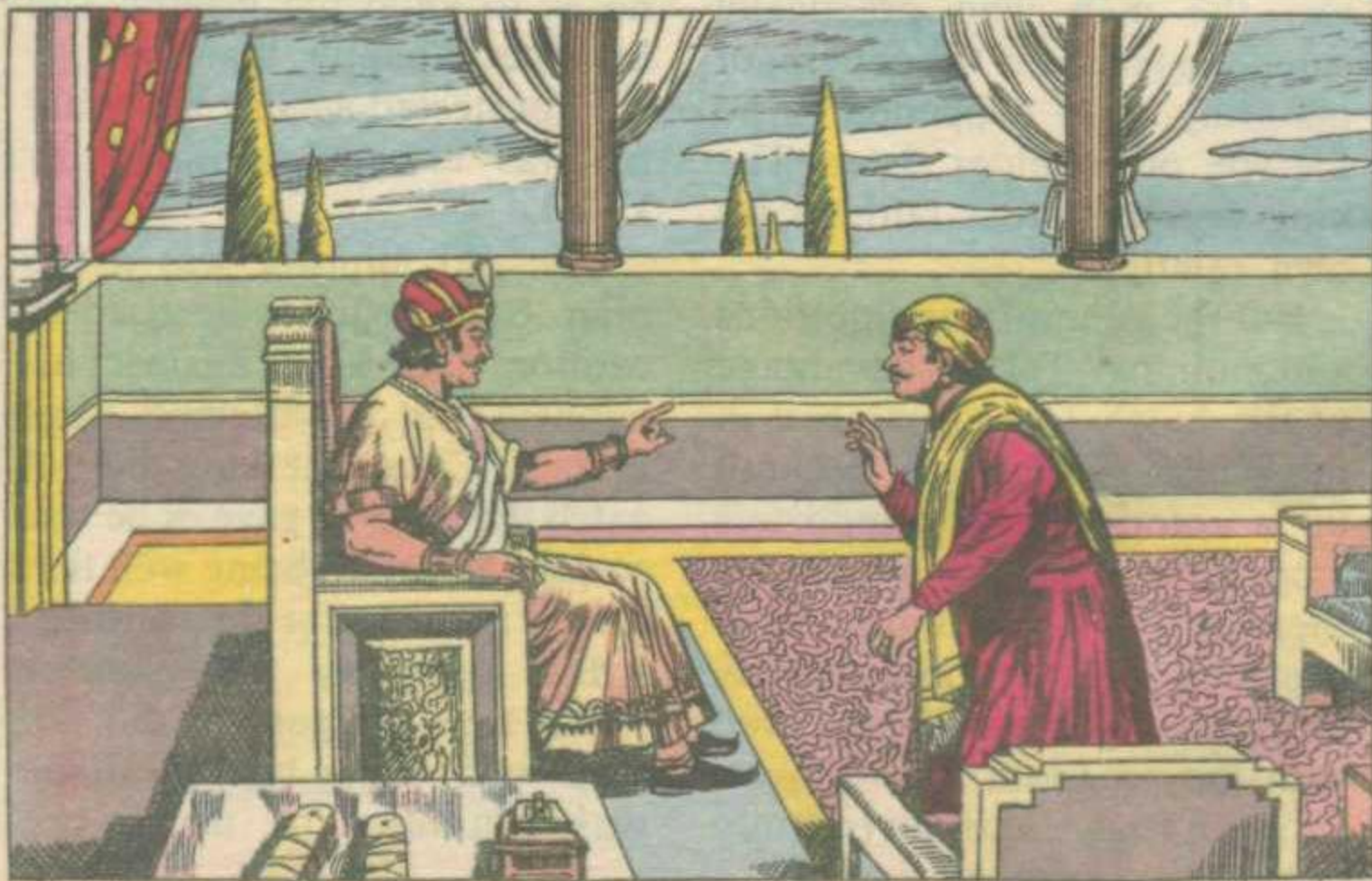
However, he summoned his nephew into his private chamber and told him what he had heard from the minister. He

said feigning a stern voice, "My minister is a faithful man and I don't remember a single instance when he had misled me," said the king in conclusion.

"My lord, if he had not misled you ever, it is because there had never been an occasion for him to do so. He is misleading you now," said the nephew gravely.

"Why should he do such a thing?" asked the king.

"My lord, all the ministers are envious of generals. The two are the topmost officers of the king, but the general commands the army and receives laurels when he wins a battle and appears like a hero before the people. Fortunately for me but unfortunate-



ly for the minister, I happen to be your nephew. Naturally, the people look upon me as your representative. They love me. That has made the poor old minister a degree more envious of me than he should be!" said the general, laughing.

"Well, my boy let us forget all about his suspicion that you had a mind to usurp the throne. But what about the misery of the people? Is the minister lying on that point too?" asked the king.

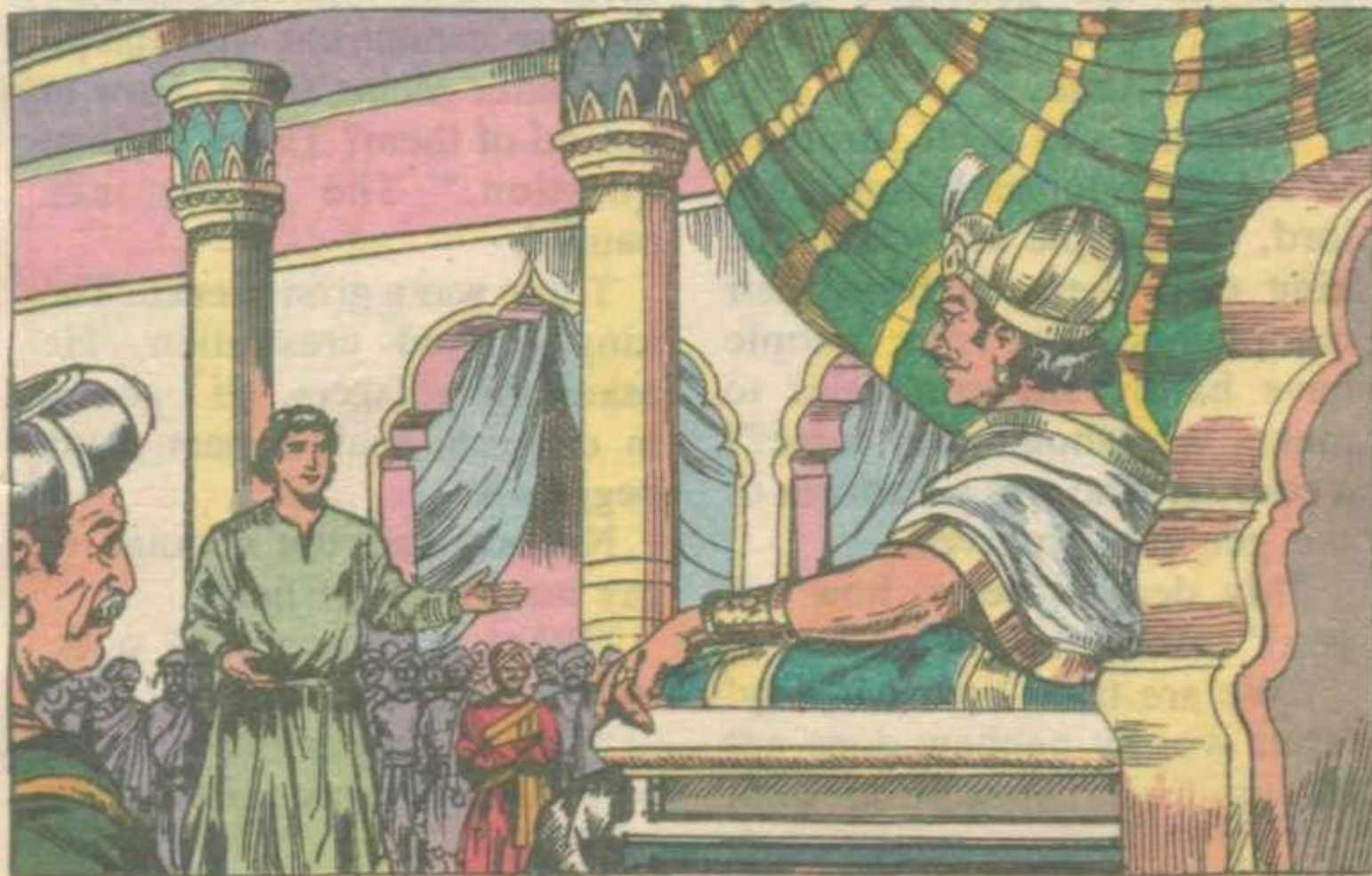
The general became very grave. "My lord!" he said, "The best way to find the truth is to call the common people and talk to them!"

The king found the suggestion

quite sensible. He asked him to announce that the king would like to meet his subjects. Whoever has anything to say to the king, is welcome to assemble in front of the palace.

The general sent announcers in all directions. But the announcers were briefed what they should do. Everywhere, after the announcement was done with the beating of drums, the announcers lowered their voices and said, "Brothers! We warn you, don't say a word against the general. If you do, you will not see the sunrise the next day."

No wonder that the villagers decided not to take the trouble





of assembling before the palace. Only those who wanted to remain in the general's good books, gathered at the appointed time.

The king was a bit surprised to see the poor gathering. "My lord, the people know that the king calls them to hear their complaints. But our people have hardly any complaint to make. Why should they come?" a courtier who was a flatterer of the general, observed.

"My dear subjects, how are you?" asked the king.

"We are fine, Your Majesty! Your worthy nephew does not let us feel that you are not

available to us," said some of the people.

"Good. Are you all living happily and without fear?" asked the king.

"Oh yes, Your Majesty," said those very people.

"Good. Do any of you have anything more to say?" asked the king.

A young man stepped forward. "My lord, can I ask you three simple questions?" he asked.

"Why not!" said the king.

"My lord, our happiness is being marred by the ever-increasing number of beggars. They are everywhere. Some of them look so miserably hungry that we cannot eat with happiness after seeing them. How to get rid of them? This is my first question." The young man paused.

There was a grim silence. The king looked crestfallen. He asked the villagers, "If I go out in disguise, shall I meet many beggars?"

Nobody had the courage to say no. All kept quiet.

"What is your second question?" asked the king.

"The administration seems to be in need of more prisons. The

present prison houses are jammed with prisoners. When is the king going to build more prison houses? This is my second question."

The king looked grim. The general whose face had turned red, was going to say something but the king signalled him to keep silent.

"What is your third question?" asked the king.

"My lord, let that remain unasked by me. I would not like to be known as the only person in our kingdom to forfeit the chance of seeing the next sunrise," said the young man as he bowed to the king.

"Young man, things will be set right here and now," said the king. At once he ordered for the arrest of the general and all the members of the general's coterie. He appointed the young man

to the position of the general. He explained to the minister, "A general should be a really courageous man. Who in our kingdom is more courageous than the young man? He is clever too. By his first question he informed us that the people of our kingdom had been reduced to utter misery. By his second question he informed us that those who protested against the administration were imprisoned. By refusing to ask the third question, he informed us that he will fall victim to the general's wrath, but his spirit of protest will be carried forward by others."

The king now devoted all his time to change the situation.

With the help of the wise minister and the new general, he brought the land back to its normal condition.





LET US KNOW

For whom is Ms used?

—*Kanishka Asarsa, Mount Abu.*

While Mr. used for a man does not indicate whether he is married or not, Mrs. and Miss indicate the marital status of a woman. Marriage being a personal affair, one may not necessarily be prepared to announce to everybody concerned or unconcerned whether one is married or not. Hence the use of Ms, to avoid distinguishing between the married and the unmarried women.

Who took the first photograph and when?

—*T. Malati, Tatanagar.*

Nicephore Niepce of France was the first to take a photograph, probably in the summer of 1826.

Which one is the largest city in the world?

—*Digambar B. Chavan, Gulbarga*

Tokyo, to be more precise the Tokyo-Yokohama Metropolitan Area (1,081 Sq. miles) is the largest city population wise. There are about two crore and sixtyfive lakh of people living here. But areawise the largest city is Mount Isa, Queensland, Australia (15,822 Sq. miles).

Which are the largest and the smallest postage stamps in the world?

—*P. T. Sriman, Coimbatore.*

The Express Delivery Stamp of China, size $9\frac{3}{4}'' \times 2\frac{3}{4}''$, is the largest and the Colombian State of Bolivia's 10 cents and 1 peso stamp, size $0.31'' \times 0.37''$ is the smallest.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



S.B. Takalkar



S.M. Dudhediya

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow.

—Helen Keller

I am not ashamed to confess that I am ignorant of what I do not know.

—Cicero

Discipline is the refining fire by which talent becomes ability.

—Roy Smith

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